

PRIZE STORY AND POEM. ~ EASTER STORIES AND POEMS.  
 South Africa and the Black Hills Region.  
 ILLUSTRATED.

Vol- 3.

APRIL.

No-4.

# THE MIDLAND MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE  
 DEVOTED TO  
 MIDLAND LIT-  
 ERATURE & ART



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## Another New Feature Added!

As a temporary change from the Continued Story feature, *The Midland Monthly*  
will during the coming Spring, Summer and Fall publish a series of

## TWO-NUMBER STORIES,

Beginning with the April Number.

The First three of these Two-number Stories, with the time of their Appearing,  
will be as follows:

**I. "In the Valley of the Pecos,"** by Della Dimmitt, of Sioux City.  
This story was unanimously awarded the prize "for the best story of any length" in  
the December 30th competition. It is a vivid picture of New Mexican life and a tale  
of increasingly thrilling interest. It will be published in the April and May Numbers.

**II. "Belle's Roses,"** by E. Hough, of Chicago, western representative  
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and farther West. "Belle's Roses" will on its artistic merits command enthusiastic  
praise from the most conservative. It presents in vivid contrast the perils of army  
life on the frontier and of a heart encounter at an Eastern summer resort. It will appear  
in the June and July Numbers.

**III. "Overshadowed; A Story of Four Lives,"** by Eliza-  
beth Dimon Preston, of Colorado Springs. Mrs. Preston is a poet of fine talent and some  
fame. Her first serious work of fiction, "Overshadowed," promises to splendidly  
eclipse her fame as a poet. The second installment of this story presents a unique  
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August and September Numbers.

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interesting and artistic quality of its forthcoming Two-number Stories.

Chance readers of **THE MIDLAND** will do well to become regular subscribers at  
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**THEMES**, its **SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC THEMES**, **UNCLE EBEN'S PHILOSOPHY**, the  
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JOHNSON BRIGHAM, Publisher Midland Monthly,  
DES MOINES, IOWA.





## CONSIDER THE LILIES.\*

*HOW* tall and fair they stand,  
How stately-sweet and grand,  
Guarded by knightly swords on either hand!  
The silver moon that rules the summer nights  
Is not so white as these;  
The virgin snow, new-fallen from heavenly  
heights,  
Is mixed with earthly dust and lees;  
But these, of lowly birth,  
Sprung from the dark-brown earth,  
Do match the noonday splendor in their  
brightness,  
Fair as the morning light without its  
motes;  
The jeweled gold, hung from their  
slender throats,  
Mars not their chalice'd whiteness!

Sweet and serene and fair,  
They drink the golden air,  
And feel the summer's joy unmixed with  
haunting care;  
The sounds of toil, the noise of men at strife,  
The wrongs beyond redress,  
The carking cares that eat away the life,  
Vex not their pure, untroubled loveliness.  
The nightly dews are sweet,  
And dear the noonday heat,  
The sunshine and the shadow of the trees,—  
And yet the gorgeous Monarch of the  
East,  
With all his splendor seven-fold increased,  
Truly was not arrayed like one of these!

SAMANTHA WHIPPLE SHOUP.

DUBUQUE.

\* One of the two Prize Poems in the December 30th competition.



# THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

VOLUME III.

APRIL, 1895.

NUMBER 4.

## AN OUTING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A YOUNG LADY'S TRIP TO THE GOLD MINES OF JOHANNESBURG AND THE DIAMOND FIELDS OF KIMBERLEY.

By JANE M. NEILL.

ONE morning, when we awoke, very early, there was such a stillness that it could almost be felt. The steamer's screws did not revolve, there was no motion whatever and, after the ceaseless pounding of the engines for the last eighteen days, it was a strange sensation. As we lay puzzling over it, only half awake, suddenly through the port-hole we spied a mast. We quickly arose and looking out beheld a forest of masts. Our steamer was only one of many, and we were at anchor in the Cape Town docks. About half past six all was stir and bustle. It seemed strange to our unaccustomed eyes to see so many Zulus. The portly, very portly, old Zulu women,

with their stiffly starched, flowing calico dresses and yellow head draperies, especially took our fancy. Friends of the passengers soon began to arrive, the ladies looking light and airy in their gaily colored dresses of thin silk and muslin, and the gentlemen cool in white suits and broad-brimmed hats. Although so early in the morning, the heat was trying, and everything seemed turned around to us. Fancy dressing for hot weather in December! The thermometer, about noon, stood at  $110^{\circ}$  in the shade.

After breakfast, the Zulus in the employment of the steamship company came on board to unload the cargo,—and magnificent specimens they were, tall



TABLE BAY AND CAPE TOWN.

and muscular, and moving with much ease and grace. This was not the stopping place of my party, but we went with some of the others to the custom house, to see how things were managed there, and very rough handling some of the goods received. Too much affected by the heat to visit the city just then, we returned to the steamer. After sundown we again went ashore, took a walk up Adderley street, the principal street of Cape Town, and saw some of our fellow-passengers off by the Kimberley express.

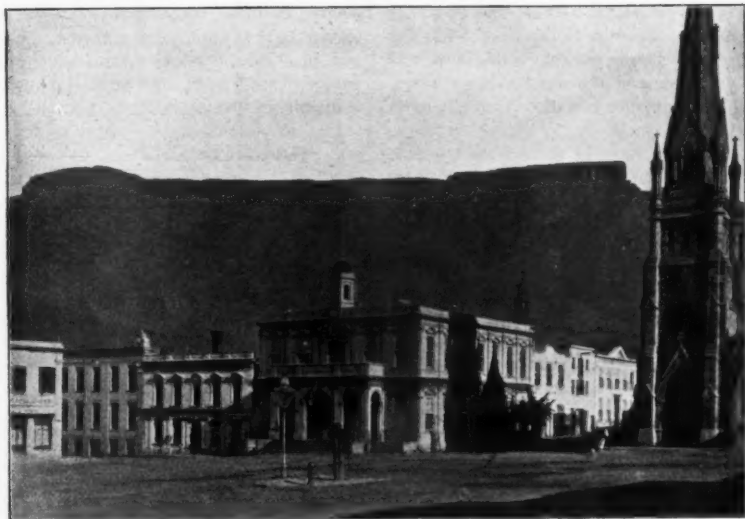
Cape Town is built on Table Bay, nestling at the base of Table mountain, so called from its flat summit. The mountain rises to a height of from 3,000 to 4,000 feet, and at one point of the summit is three miles across. At this point there is a natural bath of spring water issuing from the rock, and a gentleman who has spent nights on the top of the mountain told me that he had seen apes, quite large, gather near this bath, but on his approach they had always hurried off. It is a severe climb to the top, and is

seldom undertaken without guides, although there are a few experienced climbers who start off on a moonlight evening and arrive at the summit about dawn, and they say they are more than repaid by the magnificent sunrise. This I can well believe. We did not have time to go to the top, but went part way up, through a pine wood. There were flowers in abundance, and the most beautiful grasses in great variety. The trees in some places were wreathed and entwined with glorious passion-flowers—white, dark purple and heliotrope. On another portion of the mountain a tree grows with silver-gray leaves like thick satin. It is called the Silver Tree, and the leaves, when gathered young, and pressed, and painted with African scenes, are sold as souvenirs.

We paid short visits to some of Cape Town's beautiful suburbs, Wynberg, where quantities of grapes are grown for wine-making, and Rondebosch, built in the heart of a forest of magnificent oaks. We visited a friend in another suburb,



THE AVENUE, CAPE TOWN.



THE TOWN HALL, CAPE TOWN.

Seapoint, under the shadow of the Lion Rock, and from the gate leading to her home we walked through an alley of pomegranates. Not a glint of sun came through the thick foliage, whose glossy green was brightened here and there by a bell-shaped blossom of vivid crimson. Its shade and coolness were delightfully refreshing to the newcomer that hot afternoon. In her flower garden there was a large fountain, and at sundown hither came numbers of birds, of various sizes and kinds, for their evening bath. Some of them were clad in sober brown, but the majority were of brilliant blue, orange and red.

On the following day we again walked through the city, visited the Botanic Gardens and the Government Buildings, resting at length in the avenue of fine old oaks with which Adderley street terminates, the air heavy with the scent of the orange, oleander and heliotrope.

We left Cape Town shortly after noon. On the way to Natal we called at Port Elizabeth and East London. We received a pretty fair tossing as we sailed round the coast, especially after we left Port

Elizabeth. Most of the heavy cargo being by that time discharged, the steamer was very light. At East London we were "brought to" a great way off the shore, the heavy surf making it dangerous to go near. From the deck we watched the launch trying to put off to the steamer. For some time it was useless; at every attempt a tremendous wave would sweep over it, and it would have to put back again. At last it got safely to the steamer; but, on account of the heavy swell, it could not come close, and we wondered how those going ashore would get aboard the launch. In a few minutes the sailors had rigged up the crane used for transferring baggage, and to the end of this they attached a circular basket about seven feet high. They placed the basket on deck, opened a door in the side of it, and invited those going ashore to step in! We looked at one another in silence for a minute, and then indulged in a hearty laugh, especially as one lady indignantly refused to be swung over the ship's side in any such fashion. After one or two of the gentlemen had made the trip to show her there was no danger, she stepped in

in a very dubious fashion, and took her seat; but the minute the basket left the deck and swung over the side, there was a succession of the most awful shrieks, which only renewed the laughter at all points.

The next day we arrived at Durban, Port Natal, and found that we had to go through the same proceeding to get ashore. We drove about the city and were greatly pleased with its appearance. The streets are wide and the city is beautifully laid out. The public buildings and stores are handsome, and we noted a large number of beautiful homes, set amidst trees, with lawns in which grew an abundance of plants and flowers of rare beauty. Almost every tree and shrub seemed to bear either flowers or fruit, or both. We went to a hotel for supper, and enjoyed a cool, quiet hour before leaving. The hotel is a long, low white house, with a broad veranda on three sides. Vines encircle the pillars, and stretch from one to another, almost obscuring the house from view. The bedrooms are in the rear of the hotel

proper, built on three sides of a court yard. In the center of the yard a fountain plashes and trickles, and at either end is a pond filled with aquatic plants, while all around stand tubs with heliotropes, geraniums and a variety of flowers. There are several trees, too, and a number of low seats, the whole making a delightful place to spend the time on a hot day. At supper we were waited on by Arabs,—or coolies, as they call them there,—in their native robes of flowing white, and white turbans.

The scenery after leaving the city by rail is very pretty, with high hills, deep valleys, and now and then a glimpse of a river, with pineapples and bananas growing all along the way. The darkness came upon us quite suddenly, and then numerous hill-fires became apparent.

We awoke early the next morning and enjoyed an excellent breakfast, served to us at Harrismith, a wayside station. The country thence is flat and monotonous. Now and then we would pass close to a native hut, and the children, chubby little black things, would come racing out to



SCENE ON THE VAAL RIVER, NEAR KIMBERLEY.



KIMBERLEY MARKET SCENE, S. A. M.

see the train. They wore no clothes at all. The parents too, in many instances, were clothed principally with a few mosquitoes and a broad smile! We became accustomed to even that,—after awhile! Some of the natives have their wool pulled into sections, and each strand threaded from root to end with as many colored beads as it will hold, making an erection of tremendous height and width. A great many of them have the lobes of their ears pulled down and holes cut in them, in which they carry a knife, spoon or pipe, as the case may be.

The train did not go very fast, and the railway had no cuttings, but wound in and out, and encircled the hills in a most romantic way. Occasionally, in passing a small group of houses, the inmates,—native whites,—would come out to have a chat with the officials, who would pull up for that purpose, and receive mail and messages for friends further on. The event of the day for those people was the passing of this train. The transport

road one part of the way was alongside the railway, and the engineer slowed down to have a talk with a transport rider going in the same direction with his ox wagons. Each wagon had a span of eighteen oxen, and as there were five or six wagons, there was quite a long procession. The conversation was carried on for some little time, and the passengers, none of whom seemed to be in any hurry, enjoyed these little breaks in the monotony.

I had read of the endurance displayed by the Zulus in running for hours without a stop, but we had ocular demonstration of the fact that day, for a very tall specimen of the race kept running for at least two hours in full view of us all. Now and then he would be hidden from us by a kopje,—a small hill,—but he soon re-appeared. The train, certainly, wound in and out a good deal, while he kept straight on, but still we thought his feat very clever.

On the incline which we were at this time ascending a flight of locusts landed,

and they greased the track so effectually that the engine was unable to perform its function, and the whole train slid backward. The Circuit Court was on its way to an inland town to hold a term, and all the passengers had to get out and help to clear the track, the barristers and judges among others.

We arrived at the railway terminus, Newcastle, a pretty little town, at half past twelve, after a ride of eighteen hours and a half, and found that we would have a half hour before taking the coach in which the balance of our journey was to be made. There was a nice dining-room at the station in which we had dinner, but Oh, the flies! They sat all around the edge of our spoons and helped themselves to our soup; they made raids on our meat and fruit, until we were almost in despair.

An amateurish performance on a bugle gave warning that starting time was at hand, so we walked out to inspect our conveyance. Only by courtesy could it be called a coach. It was really nothing

more nor less than a springless wagon with a seat running lengthwise on either side. It had a canvas cover stretched over it on an iron frame, open at either end, and through these openings, after we started; rolled clouds of dust, kicked up by the heels of ten mischievous mules, of which our team consisted. We might have had room to breathe with twelve occupants; but we had seventeen, and when I tell you that four of these were school-boys just "let loose" for their Christmas holiday, and on their way home, and that the thermometer registered 108° in the shade, you will have an idea of our relief when that day's journey was at an end.

The coach proprietors pay a subsidy to the government for the privilege of making a new road when and where they please, and on this day, as though our trials were not enough, the driver took it into his head to "make a new road." This he did by leaving the road that was, and driving over the veldt, or prairie,—where never a wheel had passed



DEBRIS WASHING ON KIMBERLEY STREETS.



A SOUTH AFRICAN LANDSCAPE—TREE WITH HORNETS' NESTS IN THE FOREGROUND.

before,—and then on he went rejoicing, over hillocks, into hollows, over boulders and through rivers with rocky beds; while we, poor unfortunates, doubted whether by night there would be so much as two fragments of us left hanging together! We were jolted and jumbled and, for want of anything else, held on to one another. At the end of two hours he changed teams, and repeated the operation every two hours thereafter.

It was quite dark when we crossed a corner of the Orange Free State from Natal into the Transvaal, and stopped at Volksrust, which consisted of a hotel, the postoffice, and two small houses. Here we had to undergo another customs inspection. That over, we had supper, and retired at about half past ten, glad indeed of anything in the shape of a bed. I seemed hardly to have fallen asleep, however, when I was awakened by a wild shout of "Coach, coach! All aboard!" I sprang up hurriedly, but could not find the matches, so had to

dress in the dark, and then, rushing out, I found them all waiting for me. They had forgotten to call me, until, on counting his passengers, the driver found that he was minus one.

To our great relief, we found our vehicle of the previous day had been exchanged for an American stage-coach with leather springs, and the difference in comfort was great. We got in by the light of a candle, for it was pitch dark; and after we were fairly away and had comfortably settled ourselves in our respective places, some one struck a match and looked at his watch, and it was only three o'clock A. M.! We felt that we ought to sleep, but this was impossible, except by snatches, because of the incessant jolting. Somebody did manage to sleep at last, and we were treated to a bass solo. We were not at all sorry when an extra jolt sent us all into a heap, and cut short the solo.

By daylight we were all pretty hungry, and the driver was assailed every few



minutes with "Aren't we near that breakfast place yet?" to which he invariably answered "Yes." We did reach it at last,—and what a breakfast! It was a Boer farm, and the farmer brought in a large platter heaped up with half raw mutton chops. These he placed beside the driver at one end of the table, and at the other a dish with two or three dozen fried eggs thickly covered with black pepper. There was a dish of tallow, also one of black bread, and another of jam which the boys at once christened "fly preserve." Coarse as the fare was, there was not much of it left when we got through, for, besides being hungry, we did not know when we would get another meal. A fresh team was inspanned, and once again we were off.

As the day advanced it grew hotter and hotter, and the dust rolled through the coach in clouds, making us very uncomfortable. There was no scenery, nothing but bare, brown veldt, stretching away mile after mile, as far as the eye could see, with nothing to break the monotony except the stables at which we changed horses. While the horses were being changed, we would get out, and we found that the veldt was covered with myriads of beautiful little flowers, all colors and shapes, but with little of fragrance.

As the coach traveled on mile after mile I thought, "What industrious people the farmers must be," for we seemed to be going through fields of stacked hay. When I voiced my astonishment, those well acquainted with the country laughed at my "greenness," for these seeming haystacks were, in reality, ant hills! They were very large, some of them conical, and some of them ending in a long turret, and quite solid. Sometimes a buck would start up affrighted from behind one of these hills, and with a few springing bounds would disappear.

Shortly before noon we met two men on horseback, and the driver pulled up to have a chat with them. They told him he must hurry if he wanted to cross the Vaal River, as there had been heavy rains up country; that the river was ris-

ing and might flood at any minute. We were quite excited at this intelligence, and looked eagerly ahead; but we found the river was passable, being only breast high to the horses.

Later on we saw a group of houses nicely placed in a grove, and surrounded by a high fence. As we looked, four ostriches came out from the trees, and with immense strides took their way across the veldt. Next came two riders on swift horses, who pursued the ostriches, but the latter, with apparent ease, in contrast to the straining horses, kept the lead.

At half past eight we arrived at a pretty little house, smothered in roses, honeysuckle and grape vines, and before retiring, we partook of a hearty supper, our first meal since breakfast.

On the following day, Sunday, the fourth from leaving Durban, we arrived at Johannesburg, the "Golden City," as it is called. This town was a great surprise to us. We knew that only five years previous this had been a lonely spot with only one farm house upon it, and now we beheld a bustling city of about 50,000 people. The streets are wide, and the town is evenly laid out. Our hotel was magnificent in all its appointments, and we heartily enjoyed the civilized meal presently set before us. It seemed hard to realize that this was "Darkest Africa." The natives, to our relief, were clothed, if it were only with bandana handkerchiefs or sacks with holes cut for the head and arms. There was plenty to see in Johannesburg, and our time was well taken up. The gold mines were first visited, and we found them very interesting, bringing away some quartz as a memento. We visited the suburbs by means of street cars, and admired the many beautiful homes of wealthy Johannesburgers. The buildings are mostly of brick, covered over with cement of a cream color. There is little natural beauty or vegetation in this place, but numbers of trees, shrubs and flowers had been planted, and the people told us that anything planted would grow with little care.

We next went north to Pretoria, the capital of the South African Republic, arriving at night. We found the air grew warmer the further we got away from Johannesburg, and a fellow-passenger told us that the town lies in a circle of hills, and is 1,500 feet lower than Johannesburg. At Pretoria we took rooms in the President Hotel, opposite the Government buildings, and on one side of the market square. On the morning after our arrival we were awakened quite early, about half past four, by a terrible noise,—yelling and shouting, and pistol shots too! I thought there must certainly be a rebellion on hand, and rushing hastily out onto the veranda, I found that it was only the market wagons coming in! The drivers were Zulus, and yelling at the oxen as only a Zulu can yell, and the shots were the cracks of the forty and fifty feet whiplashes which they wield.

It is the custom to rise early, and very soon everyone was astir. Immediately breakfast was over we set out to view the town. The streets are lined with trees, blue and red gum, and willows thirty and forty feet high, and a number of them have hedges of roses and geraniums. The acacia, almond and orange trees were in bloom, and the air was heavy with perfume. Apples, pears, grapes, pomegranates and figs grew in abundance, while a little later in the season the peaches ripened and rotted by the tons. The oranges are very large, and lemons plentiful and cheap.

We found everybody hospitable, and our visit there was very enjoyable. Pretoria life is almost an open air one, and the people are not too devoted to business to enjoy it. Picnics are much indulged in, sometimes lasting a week or a fortnight. Storms are frequent in the summer, the rainy season, and are severe while they last. Such thunder and lightning I had not experienced before, and have not since. The heat, though great, is not oppressive, owing to the lightness and dryness of the climate.

On Christmas day the thermometer

stood at 130°; which made an old-fashioned dinner of turkey and plum pudding seem somewhat out of place. We ate the dinner to an accompaniment of roars and growls from a young lion that had been captured and brought in from the forest the day previous, and which was secured in a cage outside the dining-room door.

In the main hall of the new market building, a handsome and spacious room, the Pretorians at this time held a small Exhibition. The President, Paul Kruger, made the opening address, and was escorted to the Hall by the Staats Artillery and the bicycle corps.

Rider Haggard's "Jess" had interested us in Pretoria, and we found that his scenes and incidents were taken from actual life in the Transvaal. We visited the house in which the woman had lived who became the heroine of that story, and in which the author had rooms while in Pretoria. One of his rooms still remained as he had left it. The house is a very unpretentious one, on the outskirts of the city; but from the front windows one looked into the cool shade of a dense wood. The Bishop mentioned in the tale we found was still Episcopalian Bishop here. We were reminded in many ways of the story as we walked about the town.

After several visits to Johannesburg, to attend athletic meetings, the races and the operas, I started again for Cape Town, going by way of Cape Colony this time. After a coach ride of three days, visiting several small, unimportant towns on the way, I arrived in Kimberley, the home of the vast diamond fields. Friends vied with each other in their attentions from the minute of my arrival, and drives, picnics, concerts and dances were the order of the day.

Through the courtesy of a friend in the employment of the De Beers Company, a permit was secured for a visit to the mines, and we spent quite an interesting time there, first visiting Kenilworth, the model village which the company built for the white people in their employ at the mines. In the center of the village is

a handsome club house, with the usual accommodation of reading and smoking rooms and so on, and a house for the unmarried male employes. From this point avenues of beautiful eucalyptus trees stretch in all directions, and on either side of these avenues are the homes of the married people, such pretty cottages, each with its flower garden in front, yard at the back, and small conservatory at the side.

We went to the mines after driving through this lovely little village, saw the famous blue ground washed, and the stones separated from the earth; and these sent to the sorting shed. This shed is a long, low structure, with tables up either side. In the center of each table is placed a pile of stones, and on either side are seated four Kaffirs. These men have each a small steel spade with which to separate the diamonds from the worthless stones, and the quickness with which this is done astonished us, for to our inexperienced eyes the stones all seemed alike. The overseer showed us a stone

which had been found that morning. It was a yellow diamond about an inch long, but not of much value on account of a flaw which ran through it lengthwise. On going back to the city we visited De Beers' offices, and saw a beautiful collection of cut stones of various shades and colors.

Kimberley is not a pretty town, although there are some delightful homes and handsome buildings there. The surrounding country is flat and uninteresting, the only pretty bits being some miles out, on the Vaal and Modder rivers.

The first day's journey back to Cape Town was monotonous. Scenery there was none, nothing but bare, level veldt, with here and there a Kaffir-thorn or cotton bush. On the second day, however, as we neared the southern portion of Cape Colony, there were hills and valleys, and prosperous-looking farms, with cultivated fields, and nicely wooded spots, and flowers everywhere in profusion. One part of the way there grew for miles immense callas and large hyacinth-like flowers with a fragrance like that of the



MARKET SQUARE, PRETORIA.



COTTAGE IN PRETORIA,

The House in which resided the Heroine of Rider Haggard's "Jess" and in which the Author of the Story had rooms.

orange blossom. After a ride of thirty-six hours I arrived in Cape Town,—and how glorious it was to see the sea again! And, too, to note the many evidences of a return to civilization! After a few days of

rest, and of fuller enjoyment of Cape Town and its beautiful surroundings, my steamer came into dock,—and with its arrival a rare and, on the whole, delightful outing was at an end.

## DREAM TRANSIT.

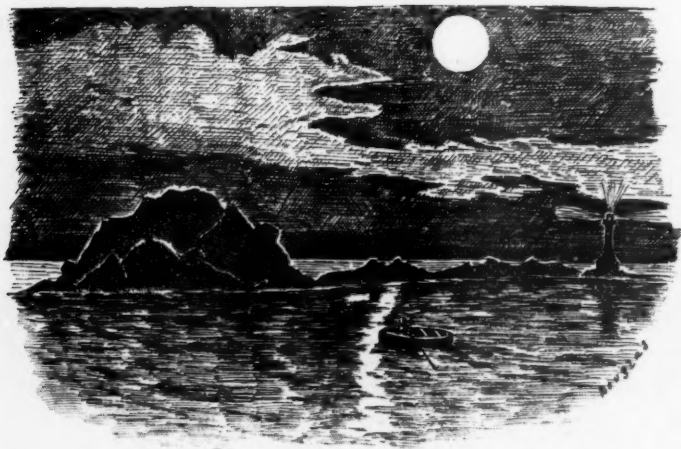
AH, loveliest hours are Dreams! God knows  
That the tenderest love that glows  
Casts but its gleam  
In a sunlit dream—  
Or its warmth in the breast of a rose!

And weariest hands are Toil! Christ knows  
That the labor of life bestows  
A bloomless theme  
On an endless stream  
Of ceaseless endeavor and woes!

Yea, happiest lives are Dreams!—who knows?  
But most beauteous lives are those  
Seen faint between  
A sigh and a dream—  
Or limned in a toiler's repose.

ST. PAUL.

*Harry Wellington Wack.*



## BROKEN LILIES.

A SCOTTISH LEGEND OF EASTER-TIDE.

BY MINNIE DOUGLAS.

OFF THE west coast of Scotland, facing one of the largest and most picturesque of the many villages that skirt the coast, there rises from the midst of the sea a great reef of barren rock. When the weather is clear the jagged outlines are easily distinguished from the land. It is a formidable pile, and is looked upon with superstitious dread by the sailors and fishermen who plow that watery highway.

Fifty years ago, when Scottish superstition was much deeper rooted in the sturdy Highland breast than it is to-day,—which is saying much, for the Scottish peasantry are intensely superstitious,—there was an old legend in connection with these Gantock rocks, to the effect that, whosoever had the courage to breast the waves and ascend the steep slopes of the jagged peak, bringing with him—as proof of having gained the summit—a cluster of blossoms from the lilies said to grow on that solitary spot, would have his wish granted, whatsoever it might be. Tradition has it that two young men lost their lives while trying to gather some of the coveted blossoms, which they believed would bring about a reconciliation be-

tween themselves and their estranged lassies. In order to fully adhere to traditional laws and thoroughly complete the charm, the perilous trip had to be made on Easter Even, after sundown,—the trophy to be laid on the doorstep of the recreant sweetheart at sunrise on Easter Morn. The reason the legend had so seldom been put to test was due to the fact that few men were possessed of the dauntless courage necessary to wrestle with the mighty winds and high seas that raged about the rock-bound coast during the equinoctial storms prevailing about Easter-tide.

In one of the small cottages that nestled at the foot of the hills stood a fisherman and his lass. He was pleading earnestly with her to be his wife and to let him relieve her of the burden of caring for her invalid mother, who was the cause of her oft-repeated refusal.

"No, no, Gavin," she said, her soft voice sinking low so that the patient in the other apartment might not hear, "I canna leave Mither, and I winna lay any sic a task on your shoulders; ye hae plenty trouble of yere own, wi' your poor,

helpless sister Janet tae provide for; no, we must bide the Lord's time, until He sees fit tae bring us together."

"Maggie, lass," spoke Gavin, bending from his tall height to catch the varying lights in the girl's moist gray eyes, "ye're tryin' my stock o' patience and courage tae the vera utmost; ye hae put me off wi' the same answer for five year, an' tae a' appearances I'm just as near gainin' my wife noo as I was then; an' I dinna think it just fair tae me. As for the extra expense—why lass, wi' you tae work for, these arms would gain double their strength; an' besides, ye are forgettin' that I hae a half interest in the big fishin' smack wi' Donald McNeillage, this year, which makes a long odds in my earnings; but it's na pleasure tae me unless ye consent tae share it."

"Dinna make it any harder for me, Gavin, for it hurts me sair tae refuse yere guidness o' heart."

"For-bye," he went on, paying little heed to her oft-repeated words, and quoting, in his growing enthusiasm, from the constant reference book of those humble, God-fearing folk, "disna yere Book teach ye tae leave both feyther and mither and cleave tae yere husband?"

"Aye, that it does, Gavin, but I'm no yere wife yet, and that makes an unco difference, ye ken."

There was a merry twinkle in the girl's eyes, and Gavin, noticing it, was nettled at such an apparent display of levity on the part of his sweetheart.

"Margaret," he began, in tones of great seriousness. The girl started, for he was unmistakably in earnest when he pronounced her name with all its fullness. "I'm goin' tae take this matter in my ain hands and bring about a crisis of some kind; this unsettled condition of mind unfits me for my work; so I hae quite determined tae face the elements on Easter Even and bring ye a lily frae the Gantocks. Maybe I'll be daein' what's wrong, in temptin' Providence, for I ought tae be content wi' the knowledge that whatever happens is the decree of a righteous God."

A look of terror crept into Maggie's eyes at mention of the projected trip.

"Gavin," she said, speaking low, but hurriedly, at the same time laying a hand on either shoulder of her lover, while she gazed anxiously up at his face, "I willna hae ye do this wild thing ye speak about, ye daurna do it; ye hae no right tae risk yere life when so many are dependent on ye; it wad be naething less than criminal tae risk such a thing, and if ye attempt it I'll ne'er forgive ye. Promise me, Gavin dear, that ye'll bide at home, for my sake."

"Maggie, lass, my mind is made up. I would aye look upon mysel' as somewhat of a coward if I didna gang noo. It's a wonder that the spirit of curiosity and adventure didna urge me to explore the auld rock lang syne."

Maggie knew Gavin's disposition so well, that when he had delivered himself thus, and in the tone of voice which he always adopted with that uplifting of his broad shoulders, she wisely held her tongue, knowing that no amount of persuasion could deter him from his purpose. The girl knew his shortcomings perfectly; his dourness had been the cause of a great deal of trouble between them; but they had exchanged broken sixpences on their betrothal day, and her own half of the little silver coin, which she wore next her heart, was quite as sacred and binding in her sight as a wedding ring would be had it been placed on her finger within the hallowed portals of the kirk. She had been brought up in the old school of love, honor and obedience, consequently she considered it nothing less than her duty to acquiesce in the man's will.

Maggie never grudged one moment of the sacrifice which she had made for her dear mother; yet there were times when, in the solitude of her little, bare room, she would clasp her hands in despair, while hot tears would rain down her cheeks; for human love, in a nature as deep and sincere as Maggie's, is very sweet and comforting, and never more so than at the moment when we have to sacrifice it to some cruel fate, even if it be in the fulfilment of a noble duty.

The night before Easter, Gavin went down to the shore to carry out his self-



imposed task. He took the boat from her moorings and looked far out to where the great black rock loomed up like a gigantic shadow against the moon-lit sky. The night was a fitting sequel to the day that had gone, which had been unusually peaceful and calm for that season of the year. "But," remarked an old fisherman to his companions, as they beached their boats high and dry that evening, "we'll hae to suffer for it afore the mornin'." Thus saying, he swept the horizon with his keen, well-seasoned eyes, that resembled a pair of grey agates set in a frame of wrinkled, yellow parchment. However, Gavin gave no thought to anything beyond the fact that the fates seemed to favor his undertaking, and that the distance, which, after all, appeared much nearer than he had reckoned on, could be covered in a comparatively short space of time. He was a man of strong determination, and when his mind was made up he acted quickly. He jumped into the boat, which was a light skiff. The calmness of the water and the fact that, unaided, he would have to pull the boat onto a ledge of rock for safety, warranted his taking the lightest thing he had.

With a few vigorous strokes the little craft went dancing out across the broad bar of moonlight that shimmered on the surface of the water. Gavin's thoughts dwelt lovingly on Maggie. It grieved him sorely to give her so much pain as the adventure had caused her, but he was consoled when he thought of the possibly happy issue out of their difficulty.

The mere landing on the base of the rock was a feat that might be accomplished by any sailor possessed of average strength and courage; it was the ascent of the rock that struck terror to the hearts of those who would fain have tried their luck among the lilies.

Gavin headed for a landing place which he well knew by sight; this was a flat shelving of rock that could be easily approached, with care; and with the tide at low ebb, as it was now, he could without much difficulty spring onto the ledge and pull his boat after him. This accom-

plished, he stood breathless a few moments, contemplating the arduous and dangerous task before him; but thoughts of Maggie in her sorrow nerved him to his labor, and with one bound he clutched a point of rock which was the starting place of the circuitous, slippery ascent up which he began to scramble. Hours passed, still he climbed on, stopping sometimes, fatigued and almost discouraged, until the vision of a pair of sorrowful grey eyes imbued him with fresh hope and strength. Hand over hand he scaled the perilous crags, until at last he reached the summit of the great rock; then, when he felt the yielding growth of vegetation beneath his feet, he fell exhausted, torn and bleeding, his outstretched hands clutching tightly at the reeds and flowers with which they came in touch.

For a long time he lay face downward, and all that time the clouds from the west came gathering up until they hung overhead like a great black bomb, waiting for the spark of ignition to rend asunder the dark body, freeing the demons of fire and wind that were imprisoned within its ominous-looking walls.

A sharp flash of lightning shooting through the sky woke Gavin from his stupor; he rose and scanned the heavens. A feeling of almost hopeless terror crept over him as he viewed the threatening attitude of the elements. In spite of the shrouding shadows cast by the storm, there was a peculiar yellowish streak just at the horizon line, where the sun had disappeared long hours ago. This sallow reflection lent an extra malignant expression to the already swollen waters that surged and heaved like a great animal in distress.

"Oh God, protect me!" cried the young man, falling for one moment on his bended knee, "for their sake guide me safely tae the shore." Rising, he awaited the next flash of lightning to show him the path down the rock. "What for did I lie there sae lang?" he muttered in self-reproach, thrusting the lilies—which he still clutched—under the breast of his woollen guernsey. "I might hae made the descent un-







der the moon rays if I had been a wee while sooner."

The storm broke in a fierce gale, that blew in through the wide, dark mouth of the Atlantic,—for the village of Dunoon looks toward the ocean,—a perfect hurricane of wind and rain, accompanied with thunder and lightning. This latter element of the storm was his only hope of finding the footholds of the rock, for without the incessant flashes of electricity he might have elected to remain on top of the Gantock.

"My wee craft," he kept murmuring to himself, in regretful tones, "she'll be smashed to atoms!" He began the descent, every nerve in his body at extreme tension.

The Easter sun that dawned next morning flooded the earth with a delicious sense of peace; the air seemed charged with soft, persuasive notes of penitence, that came flowing in over the rippling surface of the now quiet sea, as if in apology for the passionate outburst of the night before.

At sunrise Maggie crept from the little cottage down to the Castle Hill. She climbed to the top of this conical-shaped ruin, once the scene of many a fierce battle for the defense of bonnie Scotland. It was Maggie's favorite spot when she was troubled; it commanded a view over the whole coast, and the great wide field of water soothed her from her cares, for her mind took on something of its immensity.

The girl was sorely troubled and in need of human sympathy; her eyes and heart were weary with weeping and watching. Her mother had been unusually fretful during the night, and the girl stood by her until at sunrise she fell into a sweet slumber; then Maggie crept from the house, unable to bear any longer the suspense occasioned by her lover's absence.

The sun had not been long enough on his upward course to entirely dispel the mist that hung over the sea. Maggie strained her eyes to penetrate the veil,

but the reef was hidden from her sight. The white sea-gulls rose, screeching, from their nooks in the rocks, and flew seaward.

The girl laid her weary body down on the soft turf, with her gaze turned toward the ill-fated spot. The great mantle of peace that pervaded the earth on that Easter Sabbath Morn enveloped her, and she fell asleep, and while she slept she dreamt she saw the Gantock Rock just on the line that divides sea and sky; it took the form of a great black disc, wreathed in white lilies, and shot with dark rays that pointed heavenward; in the center of the dusky circle her mother's face appeared,—not her mother as she was now, worn and haggard with pain, but as she remembered her in her own childhood, with a fair, sweet young face and large, truthful eyes. She seemed rising from the depths of the water with the aid of a pair of soft white wings. Again the disc appeared, with a great cluster of Easter blossoms in its center; this time it came floating slowly toward her. She reached out her hand to gather the flowers,—when she awoke. In her hand she held a bunch of bruised and broken lilies, placed there by Gavin, who stood gazing down at her with a whole world of love and pity in his eyes.

"Gavin!" was all she could say; her lips were silenced by the deep joy that overwhelmed her at her lover's safety.

"Maggie, love," he said, taking her in his strong arms for a moment and pressing her closely to him, "our joy is o'er-great,—but," he added, sadly, "come hame!"

"But, Gavin, what is't that now makes ye sae down-hearted like, when ye hae sae muckle cause for rejoicin'?"

Unheeding her question, he gently led her home to where her mother lay, calmly resting from all worldly pain and suffering. A broad shaft of sunlight fell across her placid face, and Maggie laid the broken lilies on her breast.

## A TRIP TO THE BLACK HILLS.

By LEIGH LESLIE.

JUST as the great clock in the tower tolls the hour of three the conductor signals with his lantern, the engineer opens the throttle of his engine, and the fast-mail steams out of the Wells street station in Chicago, bound for the far-away Black Hills country.

A few moments ago all was bustle and excitement under the dimly-lighted shed where the train stood awaiting the signal to start on its long run. Great loads of papers hot from the press were driven up hurriedly and, amid the shouts of drivers and attendants, the rumbling of wheels and the clanking of horses' hoofs, were dumped into the long, brilliantly-lighted postal car, wherein five clerks, hatless and coatless, and enveloped in a cloud of tobacco smoke, were hard at work.

Attached to the postal car is a well-appointed special car bearing a party of newspaper correspondents consisting of Charles G. Seymour of the *Herald*, O. F. Andrews of the *Inter Ocean*, Wm. N. Glenn of the *Tribune*, C. L. Rhodes of the *Times*, and the writer, representing the *Record*. For a day and a night we speed across the country, traversing Illinois, Iowa and Nebraska. When we look out of the car windows on the morning of the second day, we find ourselves among the foot-hills of South Dakota. At Buffalo Gap our car is attached to another train, the fast-mail proceeding on to Deadwood, arriving there just thirty-six hours after its departure from Chicago. Soon we are thundering up Fall River Cañon toward the Minnekahta (Hot) Springs. The sun is up. There is just enough haze in the air to lend a strangely weird effect to everything we see. The atmosphere is light and wholesome and, as we drink it in, we feel the blood coursing with increasing vigor through our veins. Precipitous walls rise on either side. Occasionally the roar of a water-

fall is borne to our ears on the fresh morning breeze, only to die away in the rumbling of the train. We look to the left and see the river winding and tumbling in most capricious fashion. Before we have time to turn our heads it is playing pranks on the other side. We reach the head of the cañon, and come to a sudden stop. The brakeman opens the door and calls, "All out for Hot Springs!" At the luxuriously appointed hotel an informal reception is tendered us, and we are regaled with an interesting exploitation of the wonders of the springs, the grandeur of the scenery, and the salubrity of the climate. Men with gray heads tell us that people here grow old only in years.

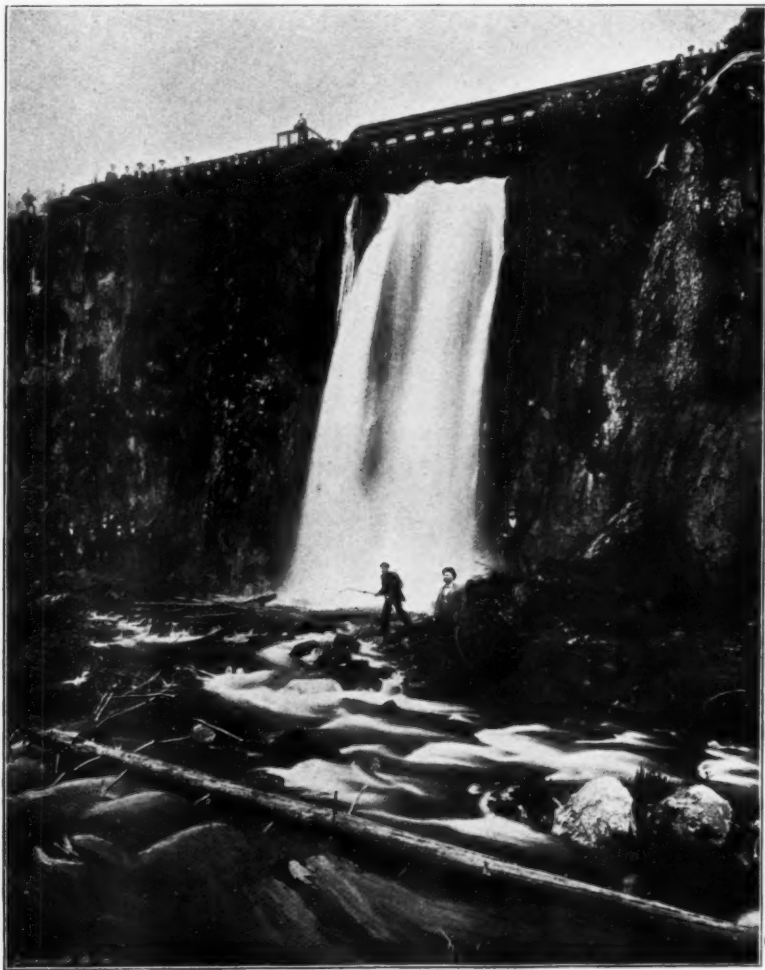
A few minutes' brisk walk brings us to the baths. We put on bathing suits and take a plunge, from which we emerge refreshed, and with an exalted opinion of the waters, which bubble up out of the ground at a temperature of ninety-six degrees. Every season they attract hither from all parts of the country an increasingly large number of sufferers from rheumatism and kindred maladies.

In the afternoon we get into a tally-ho, the driver cracks the whip over his prancing four-in-hand, and we are off for a drive in the hills. We ascend a narrow, winding road, and are soon on a peak from which we command a charming view of the pretty town nestling in the valley below. We go on a little farther and, at the suggestion of our guide, we alight and peer cautiously over the wall of a deep cañon. Hundreds of feet below us we see steel rails winding like two long, glittering serpents. The sun shines brightly overhead, but the steep, frowning walls cast a dark shadow down there.

"Have you ever seen Wind Cave?" asks our guide. "You can't afford to miss it," he continues.

This wonderful cave—a veritable fairy-land—is several miles by wagon road from the springs. The entrance is through a small, dark hole, and, descending, a cold, damp wind chills one to the marrow. The beauties in this underground world are so delicate, so exquisite and withal so startling that the mind becomes confused

as it contemplates them. There are superb ribbons of stalactite formation creeping about the passages, great broken geodes, disclosing beautiful rows of crystals, and countless short stalactites and stalagmites. It is probable that the full extent of the cave never will be known. Thus far nearly one hundred miles have



SPEARFISH FALLS.

been explored, and nearly as many chambers have been discovered. What future explorations may reveal it is impossible to conjecture. A project is on foot to light the more accessible chambers with electricity, and to supply rapid transit between the springs and the cave.

A local legend has it that once upon a time there lived here many fairies. These canny little folk laughed and danced all through the hours of the day and of the night; and they were happy beyond telling. But one day a strange, bearded man, bearing a torch high above his head, appeared in the midst of them, giving them a great fright and causing them to scamper away. They have never more been seen, but it is suspected that they still are rollicking in the unexplored chambers of the cave.

A bright, beautiful October morning greets us when we awake after our first night in the hills. We are swinging down Fall River Cañon. There is a streak of crimson in the east, and as we pass through Buffalo Gap the sun peeps up from behind the foot-hills, shedding a rich glow over the landscape. A few hours' ride through a fertile valley brings us in sight of Bare Butte,—that grim and lonely old Indian watch-tower rearing its ragged head high in the frosty air, and looking proudly over the neighboring pine-clad hills, down upon the fort and the pretty little city nestling at its feet, and into the rich, golden valleys with their waving grain, their grazing herds, and their pure, rippling streams.

On we speed. Massive blue-black hills begin to confront us. Our train twists and winds through and around them. No sound reaches our ears save the hum of our own voices, the rumbling of the cars and the snorting of the engine. We come around a sharp curve and, looking to the left, we see at the foot of the hills a cluster of log cabins.

"That place once had hundreds of people," says our guide. "To-day it has fewer than a dozen. When the mine was exhausted the miners nailed boards over the windows and left."

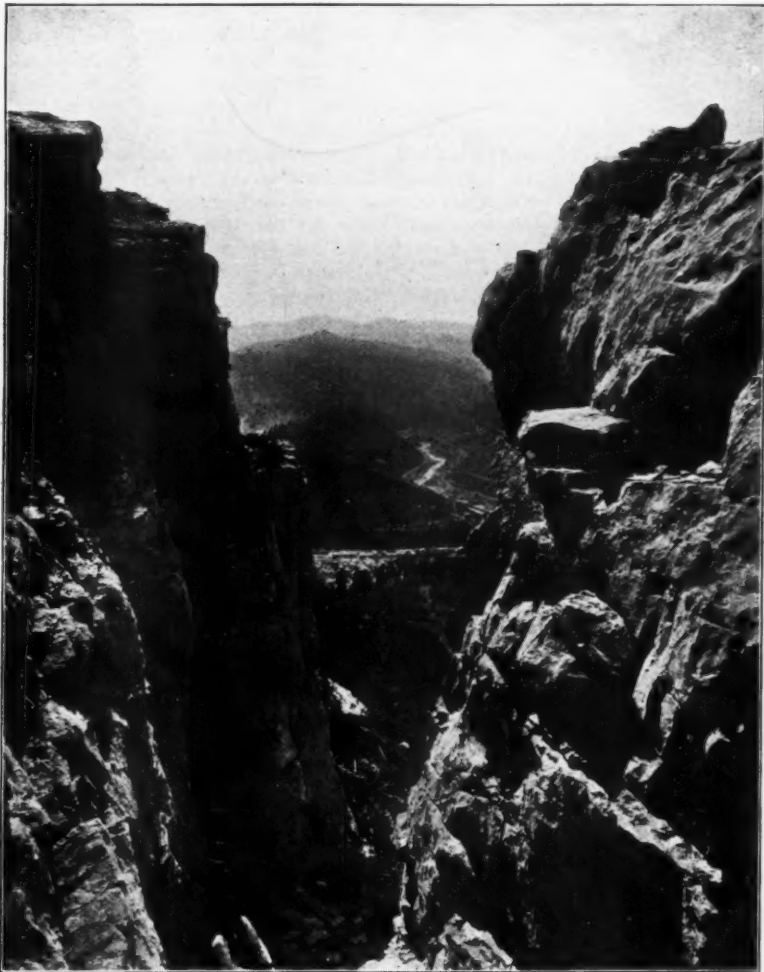
On the hilltops hundreds of feet above us we catch an occasional glimpse of an old stage-road. The coach that once rattled over it is now simply an object of curiosity. The grizzled old driver who used to sit on top of the clumsy vehicle is dead.

Passing through a tunnel we come suddenly into a deep, lonely cañon, from whose steep walls great boulders of somber gray and trees of everlasting green crop out. The stream that for some distance has been tumbling beside the track is now of a reddish brown. We are nearing the great mining centers of the upper hills. In a few minutes we enter Deadwood Gulch, and come in full view of the quaint city of Deadwood itself.

The wand of civilization touched these hills scarcely two decades ago. The Custer expedition marked an epoch. It led to the discovery of gold. This led to the relinquishment of the rich region by the Sioux Indians, who for many years had held possession by right of conquest, having defeated in battle and driven out the Cheyennes. In 1855, nineteen years before General Sheridan sent orders to General Custer, then of the Department of the Missouri, "to organize an expedition at Fort Abraham Lincoln, Dakota Territory, for the purpose of reconnoitering a route from that post to Bare Butte in the Black Hills, and exploring the country south, southeast and southwest of that point," General Harney had skirted the hills with the object in view of establishing a route to the far west, and bringing into closer communication the frontier military posts. The next year General Warren continued the expedition, with the result that a map of the hills was prepared together with several scientific papers on the geology of the region. Many years previous to this, vague rumors had been afloat to the effect that the Indians had discovered gold in the hills. But even at the time the Custer expedition was organized it was denied by high scientific authority that there was gold here, at least in any considerable quantity. The report made by Custer, though far from

enthusiastic, created intense excitement. Men began to flock to the hills to prospect for the precious metal. The Indians resented this encroachment upon their domain, and frequent fights between them and the whites occurred. The government had to take cognizance of the situation. Troops were ordered to eject

the miners, but parties driven out in one direction appeared in another. Bad blood was engendered. Finally, the efforts of the troops to drive out the whites proving unsuccessful, the government decided to buy off the Indians. President Grant instituted secret inquiries to ascertain the sentiment among the red men



SCENE FROM WHITE ROCK, DEADWOOD.



respecting the relinquishment of the hills.

They were not a unit on the subject; some of them were willing to give up the region provided an enormous price were paid for it, while others refused absolutely to entertain any proposition whatsoever. Finally they were induced to sign a treaty ceding to the government the area girdled by the north and the south forks of the Cheyenne river. Then the hills were thrown open to white settlement. The scramble that ensued baffles description. Men rushed hither from all parts of the civilized world in eager quest of riches. The first discovery of gold had been made in the valley of the French creek, and here a town sprang up as if by magic. It was called Custer City in honor of the intrepid soldier who had made the first thorough exploration of the hills. All trails and roads converged here. Miners poured in from every direction, the heaviest influx coming from the south by way of the Niobrara river, Sidney and Cheyenne. From a cluster of log huts Custer City developed into a large frame-house town. It continued to wax until the early spring of 1876, when a rumor floated down that a rich gold find had been made in Deadwood Gulch. This precipitated a stampede. Custer City was nearly deserted between sunrise and sunset, all but thirty of its six thousand inhabitants boarding up the windows of their houses and departing. Thus Deadwood was brought into being.

Seventeen years ago the white man bound for these hills traveled days and nights in a lumbering stage-coach over the old Sidney trail. If he got through without being despoiled of all the valuables on his person he was fortunate. Even his life was in danger, for those were the days not only of "hold-ups" but of Indian depredations. Deadwood at that time was a wild town. There were few, if any, respectable women, and the men, freed from all the restraints imposed by polite society, indulged their animal nature in a manner not conducive to the peace and good order of the community.

Indeed, every man was a law unto himself. The bullet settled disputes. Within the last decade a distinct revolution in societary conditions has been wrought. Gambling-hells and dance-houses have been supplanted by churches and school houses. Decorousness has succeeded lawlessness. The practice of hazing the "tenderfoot" is obsolete. One sees in the street men of nearly every type and condition, but they do not carry six-shooters. Most of them are married and have comfortable homes of their own.

The trip from Deadwood to Bald Mountain over the narrow-gauge railroad is full of pleasure and surprises. It is nearly noon when we start. The little engine puffs laboriously as it runs up grades of four hundred and thirty feet to the mile, and describes curves of one hundred and fifty feet radius. After an hour's ascent we stand upon the mountain top and look out over the surrounding black hills and the yellow prairies. So clear is the atmosphere that it cheats distance; landmarks more than a hundred miles away are plainly visible.

"Would you enjoy a trip through a gold mine?" asks our guide. We answer in the affirmative. So we are provided with torches and enter a dark, gruesome-looking hole in the hillside, immediately preceded by a man driving a mule attached to an ore car. It is damp underfoot, and the chambers through which we tramp are gloomy and ill-smelling. We hear the clanking of the mule's hoofs as the faithful animal trots down the track ahead of us. In places the track is partly submerged with water. The process by which the precious metal is wrested from the hills is explained to us fully by an expert. He talks about "blanket formations," "breasts of ore," "porphyry horses," and other things about which we know nothing. Of course we are obliged to him for his courtesy, and for all the information he vouchsafes; but the place is so disagreeable that we are anxious to get out where we can see the blue sky and breathe the fresh air once more.

At two o'clock we are in Deadwood again. After lunch and a reception at the club rooms we are shown through the reduction works.

Three different processes are used in extracting the gold and silver from the so-called refractory or siliceous ores of the Bald Mountain and Ruby Basin mining districts. Before giving a description of them, a few words in reference to the geology of the districts will be of interest. These districts and many others not here named, but consisting of the same class of ores, cover an area of about sixty square miles, only a small portion of which has been prospected. The gold and silver are found in the form of impregnations in the various calciferous sand rocks of the Potsdam series, the latter consisting of the quartzite as a basal member, and resting upon archæon slates,—the latter being of great but undetermined thickness. There usually is found a bed of conglomerate between the slate and the quartzite of from six inches to twelve feet in thickness. Next above the quartzite (the latter being in some places mineralized) is the so-called lower ore contact, it being calciferous sand-rock, which in places has been converted to ore. There are supposed to be at least four different ore contacts in the Potsdam series, which in all is about two hundred and fifty feet thick, and consists of the aforementioned rocks and "pudding lime," shales, clay beds, glauconite, siliceous sand-rocks, calciferous sand-rocks, and beds of quartzite. The exact condition of the precious metals in these districts, even to this day—some sixteen years from the time of their discovery—has not been exactly determined. However, they are supposed to be contained principally in arsenical pyrites. It is rare that metallic gold is seen, even in ores assaying as high as \$1,000 per ton. The average value of the ores is about \$20 per ton. In the districts mentioned there are numerous porphyry dykes, which have come up through the slates and penetrated the Potsdam rocks also. These dykes have made water-courses, extending to

great depths, and through these the solutions containing the gold and silver in a soluble condition, and also iron, arsenic, silica, etc., have risen, and, when coming in contact with the poroussand-rocks, have penetrated them and been precipitated, the gold and silver into the condition stated, and the silica (gelatinous) consolidated with the sand (also silica), thus forming the quartz ore. Various branches of the dykes in the Potsdam series have also supplied courses for the solutions, thus producing ore bodies similar to those immediately adjoining the true dykes. The general course of these porphyry dykes is approximately north and south, the secondary or branch fissures running in the same general direction. The result is the formation of chutes or pipes of ore in the sand-rocks, from a foot up to more than one hundred feet in width, and from two to twelve feet in thickness. The entire Potsdam series were formed in the sea, and consequently they are sedimentary. Many of the rocks are changed from their original condition by metamorphic action, and from causes above stated.

The Golden Reward reduction works is treating more than one hundred tons of ore every twenty-four hours, and it is saving ninety per cent of the gold<sup>1</sup>, but no silver. After being crushed fine by a rock-breaker, the ore passes through a revolving cylinder-dryer through which fire is passing constantly. Thence, after cooling, it is subjected to two other crushing processes, after which it passes through a screen. Next, oxidation is effected by roasting; then the pulp is discharged into bins above the chlorinating barrels and converted into chloride of gold which, in turn, is converted into sulphides. After this the sulphides are roasted until all the sulphur is eliminated, and then they are melted in plumbago crucibles and run into gold bars. The total cost of treatment by this process is \$3.75 per ton. For custom work the mill charges, for ores partly oxidized, \$8.00 per ton, and guarantees a saving of ninety per cent of the gold. There is now in process of con-

struction an annex to this mill, which will be operated on nearly the same principle as the cyanide plant. By the cyanide process the ore is crushed, dried and pulverized in substantially the same manner as it is in the Golden Reward plant. The pulp is not roasted, however. The gold and silver are dissolved by cyanide of potassium, and then precipitated into a metallic condition, after which they are cast into bars. It is claimed that ninety per cent of gold is saved, and from forty to seventy per cent of silver. The richer the ore, the higher the per cent saved. The cyanide mill now is treating fifty tons per day, but it is partially equipped for treating one hundred tons in that time. The total cost of treatment is said to be \$2.00 per ton in the Deadwood and the Delaware.

By the smelter process, the ores are smelted and iron matte (sulphide of iron) is produced, about two hundred pounds of the latter resulting from each ton of siliceous ore treated. The cyanide company does custom work, as do the other reduction works mentioned, in addition to handling its own ores. It pays ninety-five per cent of the assay value of the ore in gold and silver, and charges from \$10 to

\$13 per ton for treatment. The iron matte now is sent to Omaha for parting, but arrangements are being made for doing the separating at the works in Deadwood. The total output of the three reduction works mentioned is about \$135,000 per month, or \$1,620,000 per year.

The famous "Homestake" and the "Highland" mines are at Lead City, only a few minutes' ride from Deadwood. Nearly one thousand men are employed in these mines, and approximately one thousand five hundred tons of ore are handled daily. The total shipments of bullion for 1893 amounted to more than \$2,200,000. The ore is of a low grade, yielding only from \$2.50 to \$10 per ton, but the quantity is so great and the method of treatment is so simple and so inexpensive that the profits are enormous. The vein is composed of hydrous mica, chloritic hornblende, schists and quartz, generally enclosed between walls of porphyry and various forms of schists and slates. The deposits are classed as bedded, as distinguished from the more uncertain type of veins, and many of them are more than one hundred and fifty feet thick. The rock is of a grayish color and it is quite soft. It is mined at depths va-



THE GREAT HOMESTAKE GOLD MINES, LEAD CITY.



WILD BILL'S MONUMENT,  
With Group of Black Hills Dakotans in the background.

rying from one hundred to eight hundred feet below the surface. From the dump it is conveyed in cars to the top-house of the stamp mill, where it is crushed. Thence it passes down to another story, where it is pulverized by five-stamp batteries.

In 1877, Senator Hearst and J. B. Haggin, of California, employed a mining ex-

pert to investigate the gold district here and, if he should deem it advisable, to purchase claims. Later, Mr. Hearst himself came on. Negotiations looking to the purchase of the "Deadwood Terra" and the "Homestake" mines were closed by him, the consideration being \$80,000 for the former and \$45,000 for the latter.

Then an eighty-stamp mill, costing \$100,000, was erected and put in operation. The machinery for the mill was made in San Francisco, shipped to Cheyenne, and thence transported by means of ox-teams more than three hundred miles to the mines. It is estimated that the "Homestake" has paid its owners \$50,000,000 in dividends in the last sixteen years. It is thought that the ore reserves in sight will last at least thirty years longer at the present rate of operation. When the real value of the "Deadwood Terra" and the "Homestake" came to be known, Mr. Hearst bought three other mines—the "Caledonia," the "Father de Smet," and the "Highland." The various shafts of the different properties are connected by thirty-five miles of narrow-gauge railroad. Much of the material for the first thirteen miles of this road was brought here in the same way as was the machinery for the stamp mill.

Up the steep, rocky side of one of the great, black hills that surround Deadwood, winds a narrow foot-path leading to the lonely little cemetery in which "Wild Bill" is buried. As we ascend, our guide tells many interesting reminiscences of the dare-devil to whose grave he is taking us. "Bill was a reckless cuss," he began, giving an extraordinary pull at his pipe, "and he hed the blood of a good many men on his soul when he died. But I reckon he didn't kill anybody that didn't need killin'. Bill was powerful handy with his six-shooter. He hed his faults, I s'pose, but he was a mighty good friend to a man he liked. I guess there wa'n't nobody in these parts that hed so many admirers. Bill made his first reputation down in Kansas, where he shot the stuffin' out of some of the boys that got sassy. He was a good scout, too. I never see Bill show the white feather for no man. He was absolutely fearless. Custer loved him. But 'long toward the last Bill didn't do much but gamble. He was a bit superstitious 'bout how he was goin' to die. He hed a notion that some sneakin' whelp would play him dirt some night. An', sure

'nough, Bill was right. Sittin' with his back to the door in a gamblin' house one night—Bill never liked to do that, but he couldn't help it this time—Jack McCall stole up coward-like an' sent a bullet through his head. Bill died with his boots on, as he always said he was goin' to, but it was a shame he didn't have no show. McCall was caught 'nd strung up, but that didn't do Bill no good."

The bust of the famous scout that surmounts the sandstone monument erected over his grave has been shamefully mutilated by relic hunters. Immediately under the bust are chiseled the words "Wild Bill." Under these is a brace of pistols. On a scroll is the inscription:

J. B. HICKOK,  
DIED AUGUST 2, 1876,  
BY PISTOL SHOT.  
AGED 30 YEARS.  
CUSTER WAS LONELY WITHOUT HIM.

Below the inscription stands out in large, ragged letters the name "Wild Bill." This man was a distinct type of the Western life of that day. Wild, reckless, and warm-hearted withal, he possessed an irresistible attraction for the rough, generous men who surrounded him, and when, finally, he met his death at the hand of a cowardly assassin, there was scarcely a man in the hills who did not feel personally bereaved.

Near by is another grave in which moulder the bones of a man of an entirely different type—the Pioneer Preacher Smith. A life-size statue of sandstone rises above the little mound. This is the inscription we read thereon:

H. WESTON SMITH.  
CONNECTICUT, 1827. DAKOTA, 1876.  
KILLED BY INDIANS.  
In Memory of Rev. H. Weston Smith,  
A Minister of the Methodist  
Episcopal Church.  
The Pioneer Preacher in the Black Hills  
Killed by Indians August 24, 1876,  
While on his way from Deadwood  
to Cook City to Preach.  
Faithful Unto Death.  
This Tribute was Erected by his  
Black Hills Friends.



"The parson was a good man," says our guide. "He tried to make some of the boys better 'nd he succeeded."

It is another delightful day; the sun looks down cheerily out of a cloudless sky, and there is a wealth of color all about us. We are on our way to the magnificent Spearfish Cañon. Our train ascends impossible grades and describes

impossible curves. A marvelous piece of engineering, the construction of this road. It was only yesterday that the obstacles we see surmounted were insurmountable. We thrust our heads out of the windows and, looking forward, we see massive peaks rising majestically in the distance. Occasionally we pass by a miner's lonely cabin cropping out of the



SCENE IN SPEARFISH CANON.

hillside. We go through enormous cuts in solid rock, skirt precipices, and climb and wind and twist and turn until, finally, we reach Portland. Here the great, powerful, steaming, smoking engine is oiled, the brakes are carefully examined, and then we go on. Away below us, sweeping as far as the eye can see, is what looks like another track. "What road is that?" we ask. Our guide smiles. "That," he answers, "is this same track." We wonder. Surprise succeeds surprise. We are going down a seven-mile grade of approximately two hundred and twenty-five feet to the mile. It has no parallel elsewhere in the world.

It is strangely wild, picturesque and lonely — the descent through the cañon. The scene changes. Peak after peak is exchanged for the frowning crag, the leaping water and the rock-worn pass. Amid such scenes the soul takes flight above the distracting cares and perplexities of the workaday world and imbibes inspiration. Suddenly the great, rugged heights that close us in seem to drop away, the sky broadens above us, and once more we are in the sweet sunshine.

Standing on Harney Peak, the pinnacle of the hills, which is 8,200 feet above the level of the sea, we look out over one of the richest mineral and agricultural regions in the world. The hidden treasures comprise gold, silver, tin, antimony, asbestos, barytes, building-stone, cement, coal, copper, fire-clay, galena, gold granite, graphite, grind-stone, gypsum, iron, lead, lime-stone, manganese, marble, mica, nickel, ochre, oil, uranium, vanadium and zinc. More than \$100,000,000 in gold has been produced in the last

eighteen years. Tin was discovered as early as 1877, but the discovery attracted little attention at that time. It was not till 1883 that the veins were closely examined by practical geologists. The report made by them led to the organization of several mining companies, the most prominent of which was the "Etta." This company had full faith in the richness of the vein in the Harney Peak district, and made large expenditures in acquiring most of the claims in the locality. An increase of capital soon became necessary, and English capitalists — among whom were Lord Thurlow and the Baring-Gould brothers — furnished it. The Harney Peak Tin Mining and Milling Company was then organized, and it at once commenced operations on a large scale. It has sunk shafts from fifty to one hundred feet deep, has put steam-hoists, pumping and compressed-air machinery in the principal properties, and has done drifting, stoping, and some tunneling. A mill with a capacity of several hundred tons daily has been erected. We made the descent of three hundred feet into the "Addie" mine amid the noise of pick and drill and the rumbling of blasts. The company is immensely rich, owning thousands of acres of placer ground, thousands of quartz claims, and much other property.

This is, indeed, a marvelous region. Besides its apparently inexhaustible store of mineral wealth, the wheat raised in these rich, fertile valleys grades higher in the market than that of North Dakota or of Minnesota. Other grains here grow luxuriantly, and corn is becoming a staple Black Hills product.





## FAMOUS CARICATURISTS.

### III. FRANK P. W. BELLEW. "CHIP."

BY CHARLES F. COLLISON.

ON the seventh of last November the reading public lost one of its most popular entertainers, and American artistic caricature was deprived of one of its most brilliant exponents. On that day, the result of a brief illness from pneumonia, occurred the death of Mr. Frank P. W. Bellew, who was known everywhere as "Chip," the humorist and comic artist.

Although belonging to the younger set of illustrators, Mr. Bellew was as well known as most of the older artists. His father, Frank Bellew, was himself an excellent illustrator, who rivaled Thomas Nast in his most popular days. From his father "Chip" inherited his talent, which he began to exhibit at a very early age. When he was only thirteen years old his first newspaper sketch was published in *Wild Oats* (now defunct), for which he received ten dollars. "Chip" often delighted in telling of that first ten dollars. Highly elated over his success he started a bank account and felt very important indeed. But the next day a circus came to town and the temptation was too great. He drew out the money and, boy-like,—and, we might add, "Chip" like, for he was ever the very soul of generosity,—he treated his friends until it was all gone.

This first success encouraged him to adopt caricature as his life work. In order that his work might not be mistaken for that of his father, he decided to draw over the signature of "Chip" instead of his own name, thereby indicating that he was a chip of the old block. Consequently his second sketch in

*Wild Oats* was so signed and over this familiar "*nom-de-crayon*" Chip made himself famous by the droll creations of his pencil. When he was yet quite young a farce called "The Paint Box," of which he was the author, was produced in various towns throughout the country, meeting with some success.

Mr. Bellew's artistic style is simple to an extreme. His sketches are sometimes the merest outlines, leaving just enough to the reader's imagination to add a spicy interest to the story they tell. Yet they possess a force and a charm peculiarly



FRANK P. W. BELLEW. "CHIP."  
Died November 7, 1894, aged 32 years.



their own, the personality of their genial author appearing in every line.

Mr. Bellew was the originator of the well known series of "Old Woodcut"



costumes and trappings of those ancient people.

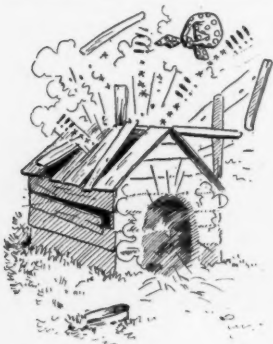
The two most prominent characters in all his drawings, however, betray 'dis-



drawings, also the famous Roman and Egyptian pictures, in which were depicted the amusing features of New York street life with the inhabitants clothed in the



tinctly his fervent passion for the two objects, children and dogs. He and his little dog "Cutey" were objects of the greatest interest to the children in the



Published in "Life."



"CHIP" AS A STORY-TELLER.

parcs of New York, who learned to love him almost as much as he loved them. The announcement "Here comes Mr. Bellew" was the signal for a general flocking in his direction. Chip's dogs have become famous and made him, no doubt, all the more popular with the little men and women who so touched his heart.

Mr. Bellew contributed to *Puck*, *Judge*, *Frank Leslie's*, *Harper's*, the *Century*, and in fact nearly all the American illustrated papers that have any place for humorous drawings. For the past seven years, however, the most of his work has been done for *Life* and *Munsey's Magazine*. He often said he owed his success to *Life* and to the interest which Mr. Mitchell, the editor, took in his work.

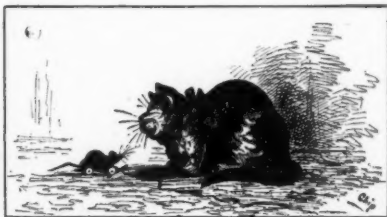
A warm friend of Mr. Bellew, in a recent conversation thus highly spoke of him: "I cannot say anything that is too good for Frank. When we roomed together in New York, some seven years ago, we ate and slept together and as I was in his company a great deal I learned to love him even more than I would have



Published in "Life."  
OBJECT LESSON IN PNEUMATICS.

loved a brother. He was a man whom anyone would like at first, and then learn to fervently love as the acquaintance ripened. He had a generous disposition and a willing heart, and was thoroughly infatuated with his art. His views of people and of things in general as they appeared to him were certainly very droll and interesting, and it was his delight to come home and sketch from memory some comical face or funny situation he had noticed during the day. Ideas occurred to him very suddenly, and then any material that happened to be at hand was utilized and put into visible shape. Many a time have I searched the room in vain for a pair of clean cuffs, Frank having sketched all over his own, and mine as well, in his eagerness."

Mr. Bellew was a consistent Christian and essentially a domestic man. He was devoted to his wife, and to his two little sons, aged six and nine years, all three of whom survive him.



For him."  
Published in "Life."

## A MIRACLE.

A WARM, soft halo o'er the tree-tops steals,  
A breath of balm comes from the open fields,  
A low, mysterious murmur in the air,  
The voice of birds is piping here and there;  
Wee spears of green beneath the brown grass everywhere;  
A night of tinkling rain along the eaves,  
Upon the steaming earth a south wind breathes,  
A soft unfolding of the crinkled leaves,—  
And then a burst of sunshine, swift as thought,  
And lo! God's wondrous miracle of Spring is wrought.

LETTS, IOWA.

Albina Marilla Letts.

## AN EASTER LILY.

BY GEORGIANA HODGKINS.

SHE was born on Easter Day. Mr. Caryl, returning home after conducting the morning service in his church, had found her lying by her mother's side—a little golden-haired daughter—and he called her Christabel.

It was such a beautiful opening for a young life,—into a world of flowers and songs, and prayer! And the sunshine of that Easter morning had not yet faded from her hair; and its gladness and hope still shone in her dimpled face and laughed from her dancing eyes. But they were eyes that did not always laugh. They were sometimes very serious and thoughtful; and they were both, on this night before the Easter that would usher in her sixth year, as she stood gravely regarding the silken robe, long and white and shining, which her mother had just finished for her to wear on the morrow, when she was to walk with the procession of singing children down through the aisle of her father's church.

"Well," said her mother, at length, "does my little daughter like it?"

"It is like the dress of the child angel in the 'sleep' picture above my bed," she said slowly, "and Papa will bring the largest and sweetest Easter lily that he can find, for me to carry?"

"Yes." The child heaved a long sigh.

Her mother sat down and drew her to her side. "What is it Christabel?" she asked.

"O, I was just thinking how much I would like to be a really, truly angel."

"Why, my darling!" exclaimed the mother, her heart-strings tightening for a moment,—for it does not seem so remote a possibility to most mothers, that they can, unmoved, hear such a wish expressed.

"Oh, Mamma, not to go away," sliding her arms around her mother's neck, "but so I could do something fine and beautiful like the tall angels—just wave my lily

and make some poor, sick child well—or somebody who was sad, very happy—don't you know, Mamma!"

Her mother did not correct the child's idea. "Perhaps you may," she said.

"O, but they are all well, and happy, and rich, in Papa's church. They have all they want."

Mrs. Caryl was silent for a moment, swaying softly to and fro in her low chair, and wondering just how she might strengthen her little daughter's impulses toward helpfulness. She had never believed in "talking down" to the supposed level of a child's intellect. She believed, rather, in stimulating children to a higher activity by treating them to reasonable and rational explanations. She chose her words now in answer to the eager heart of the child, who was swaying gently with her as she nestled in the circle of her arms.

"Christabel," she said softly, "because people are rich and well, it does not follow that they are happy. There will be many in the church to-morrow who, even though they have all that money can buy, have also hearts that are very sad with mourning for their lost ones,—those who, perhaps, were with them last year. And there will be others still more sad, because of temptation to sin, of which you know nothing. May you never know! But it may be that you children, with your white dresses and your white flowers and your white young lives, can lift the burden from some of these hearts, reminding those who mourn of an awakening and a resurrection; creating in other souls a hope for a new and better life here.

What a confusion and hurry and noise there was out there in the falling darkness! The flashing of brilliant globes of electric light, the rattle and roar of the cable cars as they slid down the breathlessly steep San Francisco streets and

with appalling suddenness swept round sharp turns, the ringing of car bells, the shouting, the rattle of heavy chains swaying on slow-moving trucks, the unceasing patter of footsteps and murmur of voices, —and through all, and dominating all, like an echo from some different sphere, the dull, distant boom-m-m of the ferry whistle!

Saturday night in the city street! What a time and place for a seventeen-year-old child to find herself, alone! The hollow, indescribable roar makes her tremble with terror! Afraid to stand still, afraid to walk on, afraid to go back to the little attic room which she can no longer call home because she has no rent money and the rent is again due; too discouraged to make another attempt to get something to do after the long days of fruitless searching.

Alas! those swift succeeding shadows that, to a girl on the street alone, change the safety of day into the uncertainty of twilight — into the danger of night! Fears that had lain unshapen under the broad sun spring into horrid being and pursue her. She is tired — cold, too, for the salt wind comes with a chill up from the Bay. She stops in the shadow of a wall. There is the nearing sound of heavy footsteps, the coarse laughter of men. She starts up and hurries on — where?

Poor Esther Davenant! One year ago, on this night before Easter, there had been a mother's voice to encourage her, — a mother's love to enfold her! She dared not think of those old days. She was almost desperate. And underneath all her soul-contention, constantly struggling for an upper place in her thought, was the knowledge which sometimes comes even to girls of seventeen, that she might be clothed, and warmed, and fed — if she would but pay the price.

She stopped again at the street crossing. She was faint with hunger; her teeth were chattering. That haunting thought — how it persisted in floating before her mind. — Oh! it was not right; it was not just; there was no mercy in heaven or earth; every door of life — but



Drawn by Clara Hendricks.

one — was closed to her; prayers were useless; there was no one to care; she would — she must give up the struggle; she

could not starve! How could she hope to get work when she had been trying for weeks,—ever since her old employers in their effort to reduce expenses had turned her off! There was no hope—none! Her mother! She must not think of her; she dared not look up at the stars.

Some one opened a door near her and stepped out upon the street. A breath of fragrance, following, swept out into the sharp night air. Esther turned and raised her eyes. She was standing by a florist's window, and a row of tall Easter lilies, radiantly pure and white, were leaning softly toward her against the glass. The love of beauty was strong in Esther's soul. She stood still, looking at them till their silent velvet bells became vocal. Cold and hunger and loneliness were forgotten. The bitterness all slipped out of her heart. The lilies in their regal splendor and purity had whispered their secret to her soul.

A man in a clerical coat paused and then entered the shop. Esther could see him as he talked with the florist, and then the largest and fairest of the lilies was taken from the window, wrapped tenderly and given into the clergyman's hands. Esther could see his strong, kind smile as he looked down at his fragrant burden. There was love and purity and hope yet in the world!

"I will go home," she whispered, "Mrs. Mulgowan will let me stay another day. She has always been kind. If I can see the Easter flowers I shall forget that I am hungry—and it is warm in the churches. Then on Monday I will try again." There were tears in her softened eyes as she looked up at the stars, but in her heart there was joy.

"The Lord is risen—is risen!" These were the triumphant words Esther heard as she entered the church on Easter morning. In the midst of the warmth and music and fragrance, and the rustling of costly garments, she felt abashed and out of place. Her threadbare black and her hungry eyes marked her as one who did not belong among the fortunate worship-

pers. She slid unushered into the first vacant seat, near the door. The large, handsome woman who sat next her, moved her dress away with an involuntary motion. She was not a bad woman at heart; she would have been among the first to give; her dress was new, that was all. Esther did not heed her. The voice still sang of the Resurrection, and her humble soul was lifted into a heavenly place on the waves of harmony. Then came the hush of prayer, and the words of the beautiful lesson, and, at last, down through the dim aisles came the children, carrying their lilies and singing.

Christabel was searching with earnest eyes for the face of one who needed help. At last she found the sad-eyed face of Esther, turned hungrily toward her, as she walked in her shining, silken gown, with the lily, almost as tall as herself, in her arms. It was the face she had sought. She determined to wait for its owner at the door. Children are wiser than we know.

Esther, beholding her smiling face and her rings of golden hair, realized something of the love and care which had gone toward the fashioning of that sweet child nature. The thought of last night's temptation rushed heavily and with shame upon her, at the sight of the pure face. She sank back into the deserted pew, heedless of the rustling throng and the murmur of departing voices. She slid to her knees in the solemn hush and covered her face with her hands. An agony of penitent shame convulsed her.

Meanwhile, Christabel had crept softly back. She stood, lily in hand, at the entrance of the pew, her grave eyes fixed upon the silent figure, uncertain what to do.

The lily suggested the way. She laid it gently down beside the bowed head and waited.

A sense of near fragrance caused Esther to look up; the lily fell against her cheek; a little girl in a long, white robe stood like a forgiving angel beside her. "You may keep it for your own," she smiled.



"And O, do you mind if I help you?"  
She reached out her hand hesitatingly.

Esther, struggling to her feet, saw some one standing behind, whom Christabel had not seen,—a man with grave, tender eyes which searched her through and through and seemed to read in that moment all her suffering and loneliness and temptation and despair.

"Poor child!" he said aloud. And then somehow the floor rocked under

Esther's feet and the lilies on the altar faded from her sight, and she would have fallen had not Mr. Caryl caught her in his strong arms. "Poor child!" he said again.

"O, is she dead, Papa?" cried Christabel, catching at her father's arm. He shook his head and, smiling gently down into his little daughter's face, he said: "No, she has entered upon a new life. Will you help her, Christabel?"

## CHARACTERISTIC AUTOGRAPHS.

FROM BRET HARTE'S "HEATHEN CHINEE."

*Plain Language for Truthful Jaws.*  
(Table Mountain. 1890)

"Which I wish to remark  
That my language is plain  
That for me that are dark  
And for truth that are vain,  
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,  
Which to some I would like to  
explain."

—Bret Harte

*Harpor. June 3<sup>d</sup>. 1888*

From the Collection of the Hon. Charles Aldrich, Curator of the Iowa Historical Department.



## LITERARY DUBUQUE.

BY SAMANTHA WHIPPLE SHOUP.

THE revolutions of 1848, in Europe,—when the triumph of freedom and nationalism appeared to be won at a blow and it really seemed as if the world might “expect millennium by express to-morrow”—ended, it is true, in a temporary reaction to despotism and disunion. But, on our side of the Atlantic, the great forward movement went on, till it culminated in the early Sixties, in the desperate struggle of the Civil War, when the two halves of the nation flung their utmost atom of strength, courage, devotion and self-sacrifice, into the strife, and there emerged the triumph of human freedom and national union. Those were the times that tried men's souls, but they were the times, also, that enriched men's souls. It is a glorious thing to have a great cause to fight for, to know you are in the right,—

“And right is right, since God is God,  
And right the day must win.”

Such great national movements constitute the matrix wherein literary and artistic genius are developed, wherever there is sufficient accumulated wealth to give leisure for the finer issues of life. Such a place of accumulated wealth was Dubuque in the Fifties and Sixties. Her lead mines gave her early riches, very different from the slow growth in wealth of a town dependent solely on agricultural

support. The War, with its insatiable demand for lead, still further enriched her, till the foundations of her present wealth were laid broad and deep—for Dubuque is one of the richest cities *per capita* in the Union, and has passed through this year of panic with scarcely a failure, while her signs have borne, and her business interests have been led by, the same names for twenty—thirty—forty

years. It is not strange, then, that she was long since the home of an eager and active intellectual life, or that even the oldest and most cultured cities of the East turned to the young town for light and inspiration—and found it. Boston and Washington and Chicago took admiring note of the subjects studied by the

Dubuque Round Table. The New England Woman's Club, organized at first as a convenient social and charitable headquarters, learned of the studies and methods of the Conversational Club of Dubuque, and followed it in the study of literary and scientific topics.

From its earliest years Dubuque seems to have had a proclivity for literary clubs. In the winter of '36, when the settlers had only had two or three years unmolested by United States troops, defending the Indian reservations until the last technicality of transfer had been completed; and while they were still surrounded by over-



SAMANTHA WHIPPLE SHOUP.

whelming numbers of savages, they yet had a lyceum which held weekly meetings. In the preceding spring, the first Iowa newspaper, the *Dubuque Visitor*, had started on the uninterrupted career which, under various names, it has ever since pursued.

In 1854, the Dubuque Literary Institute was founded, and some lectures, composed of intensely interesting reminiscences of the first settlement of the region, were delivered before the institute by Lucius H. Langworthy, one of the famous brothers who were among the earliest pioneers of Dubuque and the leaders of its mining industry and enterprise. These lectures were published by the institute, and constituted the first history of Iowa ever printed.

The Iowa Institute of Science and Arts and its brilliant celebration of the centennial of Humboldt's birth, September 14, 1869, called such general attention to the young city that, in 1872, the National Scientific Association held its annual meeting here, and after the meeting a large number of distinguished scientific visitors, with a Dubuque lady as hostess, took a ten days' trip up the Des Moines valley, and as far as Sioux Falls, studying the geology, flora, etc., of the region.

It is always interesting to see the enthusiasm of any old Dubuquer when talking about the literary, educational, scientific or religious enterprises of that early day, and the zealous enthusiasm with which they were pursued. Evidently,—

"Bliss was it in that morn to be alive,  
But to be young was very heaven."

—and they were all young!

In that day Dubuque built big, handsome churches, with a devotion that reminds one of the cathedral building of the Middle Ages. She had notable academies too, with famous teachers—not only the young Vermont teacher and lawyer who afterwards became one of the judges of the supreme court of Iowa—Austin Adams—but Catherine Beecher and the sister of Horace Mann, two of the most celebrated teachers and educational writers

of their generation. It was in those days, too, that the public school system and the public library,—institutions that now seem like part of the order of nature,—were founded by earnest effort and self-denial, with public meetings and lecture courses to raise funds.

The library, which now contains some 16,000 volumes and has beautiful rooms in the new Odd-Fellows' Temple, was begun as long ago as 1857. For many years, lecture courses, in which many of the most distinguished public speakers in the country took part, were held for the benefit of the library, and to patronize these lectures was the first duty of every Dubuquer of any social or intellectual standing. Judge Lincoln Clark, Doctor Watson, E. S. Blatchley and A. Wiltse may be named among the ardent supporters of the library, in addition to the gentlemen named in connection with the Round Table and the Institute of Science.

F. E. Bissell, Christian Wullweber, Franklin Hinds and General Hodgdon were among the most earnest workers for the public school. The three last named gave their services on the school-board almost as long as life lasted, and are still gratefully remembered by the older teachers—especially Mr. Wullweber—for kindness, sound judgment, profound scholarship and liberal culture. It is due, I think, to the inspiration of these earlier days that the schools have always been kept clear of all religious and political disputes, and the members of the school-board are named from our best citizens by the central committees of the two opposing political parties.

To return to the specific subject of literary clubs. Various reading circles of ladies, meeting in private parlors, began to be held in the Fifties. A Fénelon street circle, on the hill, met at Mrs. Large's as early as 1857; one down town, arranged by Mrs. Poor and Mrs. Shankland, at about the same date, succeeded by a regularly organized circle, was called together by Mrs. Sol. Smith, in 1859. These must have been among the earliest of distinc-

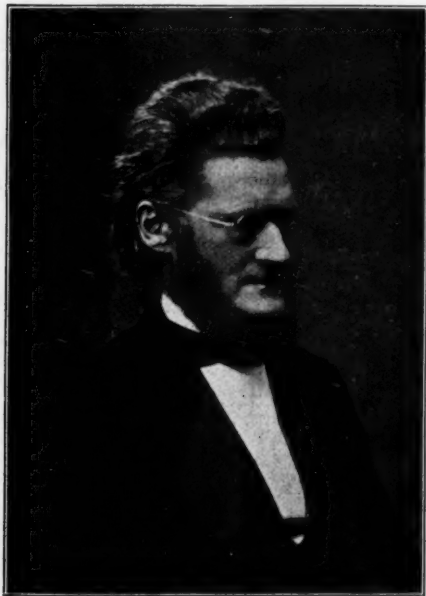
tively women's clubs. The ladies enrolled among their members have continued to this day to be centers of intellectual life. Mrs. Poor, for instance, although seventy-four years old, recently read before the Dubuque Ladies' Literary Association a paper on the "Status of Woman, Past, Present and Future," which was a model for its dignified, moderate, sensible and many-sided view of the subject. Mrs. Poor's papers are always entertaining and valuable and she has all her life been a student and a writer of prose and verse for the magazines and papers.

Next in point of time to these small reading circles, was a club of about fifty men and women which met in the Universalist church during the years '62 and '63, for reading and study, and closed with a grand banquet. In 1865 the Round Table, a men's club for literary, historical and scientific studies was organized, and continued to meet every Saturday night for nearly twenty years, until, owing

to the absorption of its founder, constant president and hardest worker, Judge Adams, in his duties as justice of the supreme court, it ceased to be. There lies before me a dainty little pamphlet containing the names of the members with the department of study assigned each, and the subjects discussed during the first year. These subjects show how far-reaching and solid was the work of this club, and what a means of education and culture it was. These are a few of the first year's subjects: Michael Angelo—The Revival of Art; Henry VIII.—Origin of the Church of England; Sir Isaac Newton—Celestial Dynamics; Aristotle—Empirical Psychology; Louis Agassiz—Glaciers; Lord Mansfield—English and American Jurisprudence Contrasted; John Wesley—The Origin, Power and Progress of Methodism; Hugo Grotius—The Ethical Relations of Nations.

The immense amount of literary work done by Judge Adams for this society well entitles him to be numbered with the somewhat numerous authors of Dubuque who have refrained from publication. He left a book of MS. poems, many of them admirable bits of rustic or domestic realism; others, religious poems in the serene Emersonian vein; and, too, a few stanzas whose daintiness and beauty would scarcely have been expected from the dignified jurist. Other hard workers in this society were Judge Shiras, now of the United States district court, Doctors Lull, Guilbert and Horr; and among prominent business men, Messrs. Ryder, Eighmey, Roberts and Chamberlain.

At the beginning of 1869, a Tuesday Evening club for both sexes was formed, but, the Iowa Institute of Science and Arts being proposed soon after, the club was merged in it. This institute, which enrolled both men and women, had on its list many of the most public spirited and intelligent citizens, but its chief organizers were Doctor



AUSTIN ADAMS,  
Late Chief Justice of Iowa.

Horr, Mr. Woodman and Mr. Junkermann. It was this institute that planned and carried out the great Humboldt celebration, where in the whole city turned out to swell the parade and listen to the eloquent addresses. The institute, after flourishing for years and fostering such distinguished scientists as Professor Woodman, the naturalist, Washington Matthews, the ethnologist, Professors Calvin and White, the geologists, fell into decay from the removal of some members, the death of others, and the property losses of still others, and its valuable collections were scattered, some going to the Dubuque high school, some to the state library at Des Moines, and most to the state university at Iowa City.

In the autumn of 1868, the delightful and memorable Conversational Club was founded, on much the same lines as the Round Table. Mrs. Austin Adams may be called its founder, but there were associated with her from the first some of the most brilliant women who have ever adorned Dubuque. The membership of the club was limited to twenty-five; it met on Wednesday afternoons at the homes of the members; there were no fees, and there were the slightest and most elastic set of rules possible. Its idea from the first was the free interchange of thought. All cut and dried erudition, all knowledge picked up from encyclopædias for purposes of display, were excluded from the ideal of this club. The method of having each member assigned a department of study which from time to time she might present to the club was abandoned after a few years, and the plan of reading some book together, with free conversation on the same, was generally adopted—although with frequent diversions, some member presenting a study of a subject or an author in whom she was specially interested. The club in this way read Shakespeare's plays, translations of the Iliad and Odyssey, of several of the great



MARY NEWBURY ADAMS.

Greek tragedies, of the Divina Commedia and of Goethe's Faust. It was its constant method, in reading translations, to use several different ones, so as to get all the side-lights possible on the original. Occasionally, for a year or two, it took up historical rather than literary subjects, but always found this study less stimulating and delightful than that of the great poets.

But, after all, the charm and delight of the Conversational Club was not so much in its subjects or methods, as in its perfect intellectual freedom and in its *personnel*. There was Mrs. Emma Ward, now distinguished in Washington intellectual circles, with her swift, vivacious intellect; the brilliant Mrs. Lucy Moore; Mrs. Cram, with her accurate knowledge and incisive thought; Mrs. Laura Robinson, with her cool, deep serenity of temperament, to calm and steady the excitable ones, and her profound knowledge; Mrs. Large, with her silver hair (alas! most of its members have come to share that adornment with her!) and a certain comprehensive simplicity of view that suited her name; and Mrs. Adams with her spiritual insight.

To Mrs. Adams all life and all knowledge are religion.

"Earth's crammed with heaven.  
And every common bush afire with God,  
But only those who see, take off their shoes.  
The rest sit round it and pluck black-berries."

Mrs. Adams is one who always sees.  
To her, more than to any one else I have ever known—

"Not a flower can bloom on earth.  
Without its flower upon the spiritual side.  
Substantial, archetypal, all aglow  
With blossoming causes."

Mrs. Adams' work as a lecturer, as a promoter of women's clubs and of their federation, and of every work for the advancement of women, is well known outside her state; but no one who does not know her can understand her singular personal power, her capacity to inspire thought and awaken enthusiasm. Besides these, there were others, no less interested. Mrs. Shiras and her daughter, Mrs. Westphal, Mrs. Mark Smith, Mrs. Hyde Clark, Mrs. Shoup, Mrs. Kimball, Miss Wilder, and Mrs. Large's gifted daughters. The departure of some members from the city,

and illness and death caused the club to discontinue its meetings about ten years ago, but it was reorganized last fall, and promises to be once more a center of intellectual refreshment.

In 1876, the great literary organization of Dubuque, the Dubuque Ladies' Literary Association, was conceived and organized by Mrs. D. N. Cooley, who has always been active in social and intellectual circles, but by this good deed did more for the steady and wide-spread intellectual growth of the women of our city than by all else she ever accomplished. As Mrs. Large, Mrs. Poor, Mrs. Sol. Smith and Mrs. Adams were the founders of the earlier and smaller woman's clubs, so, or in a still more exclusive sense, was Mrs. Cooley the chief organizing mind of the D. L. L. A., which has gone on to this present day with ever increasing success and influence.

The association consists of about a dozen classes, each with its own officers and its subject of study, as Art, English Literature, Classic Literature, Historical Art, Current Events, Biblical History, etc., and about a hundred "general members" who attend the general meetings, although they have not leisure for class work. The classes meet weekly or fortnightly. The association has regular quarterly meetings, at which the work of each class for the preceding quarter is reported, and musical and literary entertainment provided by some class that has been awarded the honor for that occasion. In addition, general meetings are called by the president at frequent intervals, to hear some paper by one of the members, or to meet some distinguished writer or speaker from abroad. The brilliant critical papers, the interesting accounts of travels or conventions, the fine historical studies, that have thus been presented to the D. L. L. A., are legion. Here one feels indeed the embarrassment of riches. Only to mention a few of the most striking



MRS. D. N. COOLEY,  
Founder of the Dubuque Ladies' Literary Association.



papers presented to the Association by its members within the last two or three years would overcrowd our space. Among such were Mrs. Harry Tredway's oration on the poet William Watson, Mrs. Harger's paper on Women of the Orient, Mrs. Mott's Shakespearean Essays, Mrs. Adams' study of the Work of Women as Founders of Civilization, Miss Rogers on Novels, Mrs. Hobbs on American Schools, etc. The addresses from outsiders are also memorable. Who of us can ever forget the beautiful face of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, as she repeated for us, in the awestruck undertone of the seer who is delivering a message from the Almighty, that thrilling cry of a Nation's heart, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic?"

The present membership of the D. L. L. A. is about 250. The association has beautiful rooms, beautifully furnished, in the new Odd-Fellows' Temple. The presidents of the society since its inception have been Mrs. D. N. Cooley, Mrs. J. P. Poor, Mrs. Caroline D. Fairbanks, Mrs. Mary Large Smith, Miss. C. A. Wilder, Mrs. M. H. McArthur, Mrs. Ada L. Collier, Miss May Rogers and Mrs. Mary Harger.

Some of the Catholic ladies of Dubuque have long been honored and useful members of the D. L. L. A., but a society called the Sherman Circle has recently been organized for Catholic ladies especially, and is apparently to have a long and eventful career and a large enrollment.

From the list of literary societies the short and glorious career of the Ancient Egyptians must not be omitted. This was a society of ladies and gentlemen—Messrs. Lewis, Hurd, Beede, Shoup, Erwin and Wheeler, with their wives, and two bachelors, Messrs. Pittman and Pillsbury. It met fortnightly during the two years 1880 and 1881. Other societies may have done more profound and serious work, but no other ever had half as much glorious fun intermixed with serious study. The first year's work was on Ancient Egypt, the second on Assyria and Babylonia.

When we leave the literary organizations of Dubuque, and come to particular authors, they are all so nearly contemporary that there is no reason for chronological arrangement.

One of the curiosities of literature concerns J. L. McCreery. Mr. McCreery is a witty and fascinating newspaper correspondent and a writer of verse of more than ordinary merit. He has lived for some years in Washington. He writes most entertaining Washington letters to various papers, but Dubuque is proud to claim most of his life and literary activity as her own. Some fifteen years ago he published a volume of his poems, in which the curious history of "There is no Death" was given in full. This poem, which begins—

"There is no death! The stars go down  
To rise upon some fairer shore,  
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown  
They shine forevermore—"

was written by Mr. McCreery in Dubuque, many years ago, and published anonymously in a Galena paper. The Galena paper was edited by a man named Buller, and the first editor who copied the poem credited it to Buller, supposing him to be the author. Editor No. 3 copied it from No. 2, supposing Buller to be a misprint for Bulwer, who was then in the height of his now half-forgotten fame. From that time until the present, the poem has been continually reprinted in newspapers, in volumes of selections and by school readers, and invariably credited to "Lord Lytton." Mr. McCreery's modest protests being quite unheeded and unheard, he finally wrote to Lord Bulwer Lytton for an authoritative denial of his (Bulwer's) authorship of the poem. The gentle Briton responded with more smartness than politeness, that he was "very glad to say" he never wrote the poem in question. The noble lord and distinguished novelist might have spared his covert sneer. The poem is fully equal to any he himself ever wrote and has been read by more persons and has given him more fame than have any of his own verses.

As a writer in the realms of imagination, I believe Mrs. Ada Langworthy Collier may be ranked first among the children of Dubuque. A daughter of Lucius Langworthy, she was born in the first frame house built in the territory of Iowa, and grew up a beautiful child of surprising mental and physical vigor. How she used to win glorious victories over the young ragamuffins who loved to flout the aristocratic Langworthys; how she climbed the lightning rod on her father's house—twenty-five feet of sheer perpendicular ascent, and then out around the wide sweeping curve with which it cleared the eaves; how, as she grew older, she took a mischievous delight in dancing with her admirers till they were ready to drop with fatigue, or in taking them on long cross-country gallops till they nearly died of exhaustion—all these things are still told by her friends, and laughingly confessed by the stately Mrs. Collier of to-day. She attended the school of Miss Mann and that of Catherine Beecher in Dubuque, and completed her education at the famous Lassell Seminary near Boston. Here she graduated at the age of seven-

teen, and the striking essay read by the beautiful western girl, with great gray-blue eyes and long black curls, so delighted the editor of the *Atlantic* that he requested it for publication. I think she has never ceased to regret the girlish shyness that made her decline. Mrs. Collier has published many short stories and two or three novels in various papers and magazines—stories that possessed many admirable qualities, but were not as impressive as they should have been, because the admirably conceived plot was not so wrought out as to strike the mind effectively at the first reading. But of the beauty of her poems there can be no question. Beauty, pure and simple, is their most striking characteristic. There are many short ones, published in various periodicals, and one long poem, "Lilith, a Legend of the First Woman," brought out by the Lathrops in 1885,—in my humble opinion the finest and most important work of the imagination which Dubuque as yet can claim. The pathos, the depth of maternal feeling,—above all, the splendor of beauty which characterize it, deserve more than an ephemeral existence.

In 1884 or 1885 Mrs. Wetmore published a novel which showed ability and power, though its title "Wee Folk of No Man's Land," was enough to kill any book.

Mrs. Dwight Smith (Maud Meredith) is a writer of ability, as MIDLAND readers who recall her sketch of General Jones can testify. Some dozen years since she started a magazine, the *Mid-Continent*, which in name, location and purpose, may be regarded as a predecessor of THE MIDLAND, but which proved to be short-lived. She has written much in prose and verse, has edited departments in various papers, and has of late years written several successful novels for Donohue & Henneberry, of Chicago.

Junius Hempstead, son of Iowa's first governor, is a writer of pleasing stories and has published a volume of verse—"Parnassian Niches."



ADA LANGWORTHY COLLIER.



Dr. Washington Matthews, the distinguished ethnologist, who has made such a study of the Navajo, Zuni and other Southwestern Indians, belongs to Dubuque, having been born, reared and educated here, and, being an army surgeon, he has no other real home.

Dubuque claims two distinguished lecturers—H. H. Ragan, the prince of lecturers on travel, and Miss May Rogers, descended from a line of distinguished orators, herself known all over the country as an eloquent and witty speaker. Miss Rogers, however, is not only a speaker, but a writer of ability. Her *Waverly Dictionary* gave her reputation for literary discrimination and for patient, thorough workmanship, wherever the English language is spoken. Walter Scott's thirteen hundred characters are each described and analyzed with admirable judgment and literary skill, and references given to every place in which each character is mentioned in the novels. The scholarship, ability and practical value of this work, were praised by the literary authorities of this country and Great Britain. Miss Rogers' historical addresses and sketches show a keen sense of the sequence and relations of events, a just perception of historical perspective, and a capacity for vivid and picturesque representation.

De B. Randolph Keim, author of an authoritative work on San Domingo, is one of the sons of Dubuque. His mother, Mrs. Randolph Peyton Keim, wrote a MS. volume of reminiscences and traditions of the Randolph and Peyton families, of great interest and historical value. She relates, for instance, how Thomas Jefferson was an overseer for one of these famous Virginian families, and the daughter of the house eloped with him—a shocking mis-alliance, which afterward made her the wife of the President of the United States.

Mr. Benton Harger's original and witty letters of travel ought to be preserved in



MISS MAY ROGERS.

something more permanent than newspaper columns.

Miss Hill's ancestral revolutionary reminiscences, and her stirring stories of the experience of her sister, Dr. Nancy Hill, as an army nurse, are read with interest in both eastern and western papers.

Of the writers whose work has been mainly on newspapers, the best known is the famous Franc Wilkie, long the leading reporter for the *Chicago Times*, but whose work and reputation began in Dubuque. Mrs. Eunice Gibbs Allyn is a voluminous and brilliant newspaper writer. She has the true reporter's instinct for the picturesque and the striking, and knows how to tell things both humorously and effectively. There were few better sketches of the World's Fair than those she wrote to the Dubuque papers. As she is an artist, herself, her art criticisms were especially valuable and interesting. She has been a Washington correspondent for *Chicago* and *St. Louis* papers—her reports of the Credit Mobilier scandal in the *Inter-Ocean* being considered among the very best that were published in the country; also scientific

correspondent for the New York *World*, for which journal she reported the entire proceedings of one meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and society editor of the Washington *Society Journal*, etc. She has also written many short stories and verses and a play published in *Godey's*, and now has in the hands of the publishers a humanitarian work, "The Cats' Convention," and a novel. This lady is a cousin of Mrs. Austin Adams and both are nieces of the heroic Harriet Bishop, whose pioneer missionary and literary work are mentioned in THE MIDLAND'S article on Literary St. Paul.

Prof. W. J. Shoup, as editor of the *Normal Monthly*, showed literary qualities rare in educational journalism—a forceful personality, a literary ability and a pungent humor that made the *Normal* eagerly read. He also wrote stories, poems and travel-sketches of admirable quality for various magazines.

Mr. C. C. Childs, a man of great mental power, has done work on Dubuque newspapers all his life, but his *magnum opus* is a still unpublished history of Iowa, a work which embodies a vast amount of interesting information about the earliest times in Iowa, which is now extant anywhere else.

Mr. Woods' monumental and unpublished history of Iowa in the War, an immense undertaking into which he put the whole work of his life, should also be mentioned here.

Mrs. Sallie VanPelt, daughter of General Lewis, has done constant work on Dubuque newspapers, and has also written a number of charming little operettas, of which the "Butterfly's Ball" is the best known. For some of these she composed the music, others she adapted to popular airs.

Among the editorial writers of ability that have adorned the Dubuque press may be mentioned Mr. John Blanchard and Mr. Woodruff on the *Times*, Mr. D. A. Mahoney and Mr. Munger on the *Telegraph*, and the veteran writer who has edited the *Herald* for so many years—M. M. Ham.

Mr. Carberry's striking and noble Memorial Day poem of three years ago will never be forgotten by its readers.

As this article is principally reminiscent and historical, I will make no attempt to describe the new generation of brilliant young writers, such as Mrs. David Wilson and Mrs. Edith Stokely, who are springing up around us, and are promising for Dubuque a literary future that shall at least equal her past.

## ART'S WIDE DOMAIN.

I KNOW the deep, abiding peace  
That dwells within cathedrals dim;  
I know the matchless lines of him  
Whose music swept the lyres of Greece;  
The master hand upon the bow  
That brings the dreams of golden age;  
The soul oblivious on the stage  
Of all save weight of Hamlet's woe;  
The pain, forever marble sealed,  
Of strugglers in the serpents' fold;  
The Virgin arms that Christ-child hold,  
Bent toilers praying in the field.  
Art knows no envious small or great  
Within her realm of joy and tears;  
Who worships her and humbly fears  
Will welcome every opening gate.

NEW YORK.

Selden L. Whitcomb.



"A seedy, unkempt-looking fellow."

## THE STAMP BIZNESS.

BY FRANK WING.

With Drawings by the Author.

THE evening train on the Galesburg division of the "Q" had just left the station at Peoria, and I had settled myself comfortably in a seat near the rear end of the passenger coach, when someone touched me between the shoulder blades. I turned and beheld a seedy, unkempt-looking fellow, who said:

"Excuse me, mister, but I've found somethin' in this yere paper that stirs up old mem'ries."

"Is that so?" I replied.

"Yessir, that's so," said the man, holding up a sheet of a Chicago daily and pointing to an article headed, "Too Much for the Postmaster."

"Up hyar in Stokesville," continued the stranger, "they's a-makin' a great powwow over a woman what's givin' the postmaster more than he kin do a-handlin' of her mail. She has got a crippled

relation an' she wants ter send her ter the 'ospittle. W'at does she do? W'y, she's heerd that somers down east they's a-payin' money fer canceled stamps. That gives her an idee, an' she thinks she'll be able ter send her relation ter the 'ospittle arter all. She sends out a letter ter a friend o' hern, tellin' this friend how matters stands, an' askin' the friend ter send her some canceled stamps, an' ter write *three* letters ter three of *her* friends, askin' *them* ter send canceled stamps an' ter write three letters ter three of *their* friends, an' so forth an' so on. Wall, the stamps hes been a-pourin' in so thick they haint got no place to put 'em—exceptin' in the fire, 'cause she's found out that they *don't* give money for canceled stamps down east, w'ich she might a-knowed afore—an' the postmaster caint handle her mail, as I said. Now, this yere paper talks a

heap about it, like it was a new idee, but it aint. I knowed a man onct that did that same thing, only he was a smart one, *he* was. Did he send out fer canceled stamps? Well, no. He went arter the reel article; the stamp what *hadn't* been used. Ther' was wher' he was cute. What does anybody keef fer a little two-cent stamp? Wouldn't anybody, most, donate that fer charity?"

I said I thought so.

"Well, then," said the man, "this feller that I tell ye about's name was Sams, — Alexander V. Sams, an' he lived out in Arizony. Way out there in the San Francisco mountains, back of Flagstaff. Ef you'd like ter hear the rest of the story, I'll jest move inter your seat. We kin talk comfortabler an' not be interrupted."

I moved over close to the window and he came around and sat beside me.

"Now," he began, "she's right smart of a story fer len'th, an' I'm a slow talker, so it'll prob'ly be best ef you don't interrupt much."

I promised not to interrupt.

"Well then," said he, "here goes." After filling his pipe he said, "Let's go inter the smoker."

When we were seated in the smoker my companion said, "Please ter oblige me with a match."

I obliged him.

He started a fire in his pipe, then sat with one shin clasped in his hands, and with a far-away look in his eyes. For about five minutes he sat there, motionless and silent. The distance between the town of distilleries and the town of colleges is only fifty-two miles and a very long story could not be told in the time that it takes the fast evening train to cover that distance. There was no time to lose. I was growing impatient. Finally I said, "What about Mr. Sams?"

The stranger started nervously, then said, reproachfully, "Ye've broke my rev'rie."

"I beg your pardon," said I.

"Well," said the stranger, "I'm a-goin' ter start right in on the story now. I've got 'er all recollected. Don't question

nothin' I say, please. It'll seem a bit queer to ye, but it's nat'ral it should. Lemme see, it was in '84. Yes, '84 it was, 'cause Cleveland hed jest been 'lected for his first term that fall; an' so hed Buck Rogers, that used ter hold up the stage, now an' then, out ther' near Flagstaff. I was out in Arizony a-prospectin', an' ther' I meets this Sams that I tell ye of. I knowed I'd like him from the fust. He was so sociable and smart — jest my kind of a man, exactly. I used to like to argy with him. Ef they's anything I rilly enjoy, it's the clash of minds, pervided they's matched purty even. The clash of swords that ye likely have heerd about aint nothin' ter the clash of minds. Sams was a bit too quick-tempered, though, w'en the argument went agin him, w'ich it did right smart often, let me tell ye. That was all I hed agin Sams was his on-natral an' all-fired quick temper'dness.

"We went pardners, me an' Sams, in that minin' bizness, but we didn' pan out enough, the both of us, ter keep a cayote from starvin'. We bored holes inter them mountains as thick as flies on this yere fly-paper in summer, but it didn' do no good. Finally, we got that thin, me an' Sams, that our bones showed plain as ef they hadn' no skin over 'em, purty nigh; an' one day Sams says to me, says he, 'Gerald, my boy,' says he, 'I'm goin' ter town ter-day, ter be gone how long I caint tell. I've got a scheme ter work, an' I'm a-goin' ter work her. Ef she *don't* work, I'll be back. Ef she *does*, — an' she's a-goin' ter, — I'll send fer ye. No more starvin' fer us, Gerald. I won't tell ye no more now, but fer the present, — farewell!' He wrung my hand (he had a pow'ful grip) an' off he went down the gulch.

"Fer six weeks I didn't hear nothin', an' I was gittin' mighty lonesome, I tell ye. Our claim wa'n't a doin' no better, an' the work I done ther' was jest throwed away. Cayotes an' jack-rabbits an' occasionally a bear was all the livin' bein's I seen endurin' all them six weeks, an' onct I come near seein' the inside of a bear, as the feller says. But we'll let that pass. I escaped death, an' lived ter get a letter,

brought by a half-breed from Sams, sayin', 'Come ter onct, Gerald. Scheme's a-workin' bully. Yourn, Ellick.'

"The nex' mornin' I set out, with a little bundle containin' my wardrobe on one shoulder, an' a pick an shovel on t'other, bound fer Flagstaff. It took me two days ter git ther', although it wa'n't but thirty mile. Consid'able snow has fell in them mountains sence I waded through them big drifts, them two days in December, '84. I haint never ben back ter our old diggins sence, but I'm a-goin' some day.

"When I got ter Flagstaff I hunted Sams out an' found him a-livin' in a good, comfortable shanty in the aige of the town. I'll never fergit how he looked when I got ther'. Ther' he set, in a big rockin' cheer, an' all about him on the floor was letters, an' all over the table before him was letters, an' all over him was letters, purty nigh! W'y, sech a stack of letters you never see! They was all shapes an' sizes, an' addressed in every kind of hand-writin' that was ever wrote, I guess.

"'What do ye think of terday's mail, Gerald, my boy?' says Sams.

"'Well,' says I, 'Ellick, this beats me.'

"Then he laffed that cur'us, soft laff of his'n, an' says, 'Kind of a serprise fer ye, ain't it! I'm awful glad ye come,' he went on, 'cause I need he'p an' need it bad. See them letters? Well, jest open 'em as fast as ye kin, an' shake out the postage stamps what's in 'em. Throw yer bundle an' yer tools right down ther' in the corner. Ye'll find some grub right ther' in the cubbord ter yer left, an' a pipe an' terbaccy in a drawer under the table. Work while ye eat an' smoke. That's the way I do. Aint no time ter lose. When ye gits down ter business, I'll tell ye what it's all fer.'

"'Twa'n't long tel I got down ter work in good shape. In ten minutes I was a-throwin' stamps inter ther big box that set in the middle of the table, faster'n any farmer kin pick corn inter a wagon.

"I was hasty ter learn what I was a-doin', but I knowed it wouldn't do no good ter try ter hurry Sams. In that, he was like me. I knowed that when he got

ready, he'd tell me what his game was, an' it wa'n't till I lit my pipe that he started in ter explain.

"'Gerald,' says he, 'ye know when I come down hyar six weeks ago.'

"I says I did.

"'Ye also knowed that I hed a scheme?'

"'Yes,' says I.

"'Fu'thermore, ye got my letter sayin' that the scheme was a-workin'?'

"'In course I did, er I wouldn't be here,' says I.

"'Well, now,' he continered, 'jest listen. This here's the scheme. I've wrote ter several of my friends, scattered about everywhere, tellin' 'em that ther was a pore little lame girl hyar that I wanted ter he'p, and that I hadn't no money ter do it with. Therefor, would they be so kind as ter send what postage stamps they cud spar, an' also write ter a few of their friends, askin' *them* ter send stamps, an' each of them ter write ter some of *their* friends, askin' the same things. Do you ketch on?'

"I says I did.

"Well, then he went on an' told me how that he'd got letters from every one of them friends of hisen, an' all had stamps in 'em; some more, an' some less. Purty soon letters commenced comin' from people that he'd never heerd of before. Friends of *his* friends, yer see; an' every letter had more or less of stamps. When the letters an' stamps got so thick that he couldn't handle 'em, he sent fer me.

"'Now yer here an' at work,' says Ellick, 'an' I'll tell ye what I'm a-goin' ter do with these here stamps. I'm a-goin' ter *sell* 'em. Wouldn't any bizness house be glad of the chanst ter buy two-cent stamps fer a cent an' a half apiece, when they sends out hundreds of letters a day, some of 'em? Course they would; an' we're the boys that'll furnish the stamps, me an' you!'

"I aint ashamed to own that I jest up an' hugged Ellick. When men hes worked an' starved together, stranger, they gets dreadful affectionate, an' they likes ter show each other that they can appreciate the other's smartness.



"But Ellick says, says he, 'Ther', ther', Gerald. Better tend ter yer stamps. Stamps counts more than huggin' in this bizness. Course,' says Ellick, 'we'll have some trouble introducin' our goods. People'll think they's a fraud; but then, every bizness has its troubles. We're bound ter win, Gerald. These here stamps is worth two cents apiece an' some of 'em five, all over these United States; but purty soon a few favored firms'll git the two-centers fer a cent an' a half apiece, an' the five-centers fer three. We'll make a name fer oursel's, you an' me, an' what's more, a fortune apiece!"

"'Looky here,' continnered Ellick, drawin' to one side the shade over the winder. 'See that long shanty over ther? Well, carpenters is in ther now, a-fixin' shelves an' sich fer the sorters an' counters ter work on!"

"'The wich?' says I.

"'The sorters an' counters,' replies he. 'Do ye s'pose *we* kin sort an' count all the stamps when the bizness gits ter runnin'? Well, ef ye *do*, Gerald, ye're mistaken. W'y, it'll take a big force, man. I 'low ter make ye superintendent of the works. I'll haf ter do the correspondin' an' managin' myself; an' go off on the road, at first, maybe, ter 'stablish

agencies an' confidence. An' then, I reckon we'll haf ter have a book-keeper afore long. It'll keep him a-hustlin', an' he'll haf ter be a good one!"

"All the time we'd been a-talkin', we'd ben a-workin', an' the letters was all emptied of stamps, an' the box full an' runnin' over.

"'Now,' says Sams, 'ye kin rest if yer want ter, fer ye've hed a hard trip, I bet. I'm a-goin' ter sortin' an' countin' stamps!"

"I went and laid down on the bed in the fur end of the room, an' fust thing I knowed it was the nex' day, an' Ellick was a-tellin' me ter git up. Well, sir, I couldn't hardly do it, fer the letters that was on top of me!"

"'The bizness is a-growin',' says Sams. 'We move inter the long shanty terday, an' I'm glad of it. There's twict as many letters terday as what they was yestiddy. Les' call the new place the countin' house, Gerald,' says he. 'It's a fit name, an' sounds grand!"

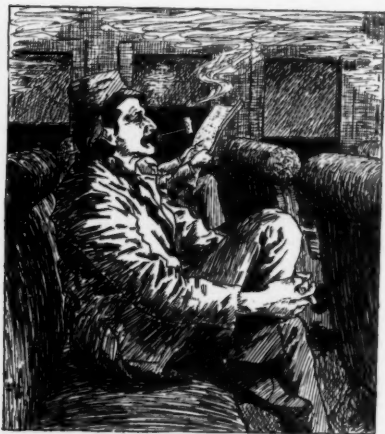
"'All right,' says I, 'but s'pose we sift inter these here letters an' git ready ter move. They's a big three hours' work here, I bet.'

"'Yes,' says he, 'an' it does me good, Gerald, to see how puffyckly cut out fer the bizness ye air. W'y, ye take holt beautiful!"

"I breathed a murmured thanks, as the books about wimern say, an' then I cut loose on them letters. An' so did Ellick. W'y, ye never see the like of the way them stamps flew! We filled the box, an' emptied her, an' filled her an' emptied her agin! While we was at it, Ellick told me he'd counted forty-three five-cent stamps, thirty-five hundred two-cent stamps, an' eight hundred one-cent stamps the night afore. 'I didn't get quite through,' says he. 'My wife's accountin' of the rest out ther' in the kitchen, now.'

"I couldn' hardly ketch my breath. 'Yer wife!' says I.

"'Yes,' says he, 'my wife. I've ben marrit purt' nigh a month, Gerald. Never mind, old man,' says he, when he see how broke up I looked, 'she'll be reel ustful in the bizness. I'll take ye out



"—And a far-away look in his eyes."



an' interduce ye t' her when we git through here. I know you'll like her, cause I do.'

"When we was through takin' out the stamps, Ellick led the way inter the kitchen. There was a woman a-settin' at the winder a-sortin' stamps with her back ter us. 'Ellen,' says Sams, 'here's Gerald.' Then, turnin' ter me, he says: 'Gerald, this is my wife, Ellen.'

"Ellen turnt 'round, an' bowed ever so purty. She smiled, too, an' it was good ter see. Sech a sweet smile, that lit up her purty face like sunrise! I liked her ter onct.

"'Ellen,' says Ellick agin, 'Gerald's a-goin' ter stay with us an' oversee the countin' house, as we've named it, him an' me.'

"'Glad ter see ye,' says Missus Sams, a-smilin' agin. 'Ellick has told me about ye. I think we'll be reel happy together,' says she.

"An, stranger, from the fust I set eyes on her, I hadn't do doubt of *that*. Arter we'd went back inter the stamp room, Ellick an' me, I says to Ellick, says I: 'Did stamps count more 'en huggin' when ye got *her*?' That bored Ellick some, that question did. He allus was bashtful.

"Well, that arternoon we moved inter the new countin' house. All they was ter do was ter put up stoves an' git ready ter commenct work in the mornin'. We got through at five, an' went home ter as fine a supper as ye ever see, that Missus Sams had pervided.

"That night I laid awake, planin' the overseenin' bizness. I made up my mind ter go out in the mornin' an' engage ten people fer sorters; wimern if I cud git 'em, cause they's handier about sech things than what a man is, an' works cheaper. Two I would engage ter commenct work ter onct, an' the rest ter come in as we needed 'em. I decided ter make the best sorter that appeared among the wimern a kind of sub-superintendunt. I knowed I'd need h'ep a watchin' of 'em, because ten wimern is about enough fer one man ter oversee, let alone the gang that we'd have later on.

Well, havin' planned it out the best I cud without no experience, I went to sleep.

"In the mornin', I got my sorters spotted, an' took two of 'em over an' started 'em ter work. Well, they done reel well, an' with me an' Ellick a-helpin', they used up that day's mail easy, though it was enough sight bigger than any we'd hed.

"When we got home that night, we had the private correspondence, as Ellick called it, ter look over. I noticed it was all addressed to Ellen Varnell, w'ich was Missus Sams' maiden name. Ellick explained that by sayin' that it wouldn't do ter have the private correspondence come ter the same name as what the stamp letters did, cause they'd git lost in the shuffle at the countin' house. I hadn't thought about that, but ye see *he* did. Nuthin' never escaped *his* eye. He was a bizness feller, I tell ye.

"The private correspondence was from fellers in big cities, mostly,—fellers that Ellick knowed well, an' had asked ter be his agents. Most of them was ready an' willin' ter take the job. 'These fellers is old friends of mine,' says Ellick, 'an' we can trust 'em. In writin' to 'em about it, I told 'em, plain, that no wages was ter be paid ter agents till all scruples on the part of the bizness houses was removed, an' a trade of a thousan' stamps a day was 'stablished.'

"What do you think of *that*?" said Gerald Armagast, striking the seat in front of him a blow that raised a cloud of dust. "Wa'nt that smooth in Ellick, stranger?"

I said that "Ellick" was a good one, and no mistake.

"Well, I guess yes!" said Gerald. "But ter perceed. Missus Sams, she was ter git the private correspondence every day an' read it ter Ellick. That was *her* part of the bizness. Then, too, she writ answers ter them that needed answerin', w'ich return letters her an' Ellick made up betwixt 'em. Oh, I tell ye things was fixed like clock-work.

"Well, arter two weeks or so, we got ter runnin' lively. Runnin' is the word

fer it, fer I tell ye we *did* run. No time ter lose them days. W'y, we had 'leven people workin' at nothin' but cuttin' open letters, at the end of two weeks! An' more spoke fer, stranger! They jest did nothin' but cut open letters an' hand 'em ter the people that tuck out the stamps, or, rather, they *threwed* 'em. No time to be perlite an' say, 'Please hand me a letter,' or 'Thank ye,' when one was handed. No, sir! We didn' have the sorters take the stamps out of the letters no more. The people what done that was called dumpers. The sorters was busy a-sortin' an' the counters a-countin'. Two weeks arter we moved inter the countin' house we had fifty people a-workin' in her, an' the carpenters was busy night an' day, gettin' an addition built that was twict as big as what it was added to! An' as I said, we had more help spoke fer. W'y sir, people interusted in Arizony reel estate say the growth of that town of Flagstaff was due ter the beautiful climate, an' sassiety, an' buildin' lots, an' sich, but it's a lie! It was due ter the demand fer people ter work in Alexander V. Sams's stamp countin' house. That's what it was due ter!

"We hed our own reg'lar mail carriers, an' a hard-worked gang they was, till Ellick hired a lot of wagons ter do the haulin' from the post-office. They only hauled our mail fer two weeks, though, fer Ellick hed a track laid an' a dummy engyne, with cars fer the mail. Ye never in yer life seen, I bet, sech a post-office as the gov'ment hed ter put up at Flagstaff. They kicked,—the gov'ment did,—but it wa'n't no use. The mails hed ter be carried an' tended ter. It was a mighty expensive lay-out fer the gov'ment, I tell ye, an' the President writ Ellick a long, appealin' message about it, askin' him ter make his mail as small as possible, 'cause they wa'n't no more money in the treasury than the congressmen wanted. But Ellick jest pocketed the stamps that Grover sent as a peace offerin' an' said nothin'.

"I fergot ter tell ye that the stamps was a-sellin' well, but of course ye've

guessed that by this time. Thousan's was sold every day in 'Frisco, Denver, Omyhaw, Minneap'lis, Los Angelus, New York, Chickaggo, an' all them big towns. How *many* thousan' a day I don't know, fer that was Ellick's bizness, ye see. Ellick hed a gang of book-keepers, an' the money was a-rollin' in mighty fast. He didn' haf ter go out on the road none. People took holt better 'en we hed 'spected they would.

"About the countin' house, though, I kin tell ye, fer I was the big gun ther'. It was a grand sight in ther', stranger, ter see how them stamps was handled. First, let's start in in the letter war'-house, wher' the letters was dumped when they come from the post-office. Here we see a feller come a-runnin'. He's got a big basket in his hands. He dives her inter the mountain of letters, an' scoops her full, then off he runs inter the room wher' the dumpers is. We'll foller him. He turns the letters out of his basket inter a box by the side of a letter opener. Now watch the opener. He grabs the letters an' opens 'em like lightnin', keepin' two in the air betwixt him an' the box by a dumper's side. One opener that we hed cud keep *three* in the air, but he wa'n't relierable, 'cause he got drunk too often. Watch the dumper git in *her* work now. See her shake the stamps out. You bet she's swift. She puts the stamps inter some four-by-six-by-eight tin boxes, an' when one's full she hollers, 'Stamps!' an' a boy skoots in an' takes the box away ter a sorter. They's a lot of them sorters, 'cause ther' has ter be. But they's lightnin', too, an' the stamps is re-boxed arter they's sorted, an' the kind of stamp that's in each box wrote on it. Now these here boxes of different kinds of stamps is hustled away ter the counters, wher' they's counted an' put in little boxes, each kind by itse'f, an' jest so many in a box. Now they's ready fer the stamp war'house, an' another gang of boys is kept jest ter carry 'em inter ther'. A crowd of good men—growin' crowd, of course—was kept busy jest a-fillin' out orders, an' the order

clerk an' his assistants was the hardest worked men ye ever see. The shippin' clerk, he was hustled too, ye bet.

"Think of it, stranger!" Gerald Armagast arose, now, and steadied himself with one hand while he made gestures with the other. "Think of that inspirin' scene, an' *me* the feller that bossed it! Oh, I tell ye it was jest grand, *grand!*" He sat down again after this climax, and continued in his usual drawl. "Sometimes a dumper didn' find no stamps in a letter. In that case, she throwed it inter a seprit box, an' we hed a couple of wimern ter read 'em an' report ter Ellick. Most of them letters was only bids from 'ospittles on the keepin' of the imag'nary lame girl that was a-makin' us all this money. But not all of 'em. Some was one thing, an' some was another. Mighty few of them stampless letters was valerable. Ellick said that prob'ly lots of 'ospittle letters went inter the scrap-pile without bein' read,—because the writers sent stamps, ye see, thinkin' ter git the job of keepin' the girl. Ef they'd a-knowed the extent of our bizness, they'd never a-done it.

"Well, ther' was lots of hard work about the bizness, an' lots of mistakes made, but that's sartin ter be the case with any new enterprise. Mister and Missus Sams made mighty few breaks, the'rselves, let me tell ye. They was a fine bizness par. Ellick couldn' a-done better than when he got Ellen. An' what's more, though they was infallerble as the Pope, most, the'rselves, they never got cross with none of the hands thet made mistakes. They was too lofty-minded ter git out of temper or make game with them that wa'n't so smart.

"Fer pin money, Ellick give Ellen all the stuff what come from sellin' the waste paper, an' she was a rich woman. W'y, train loads of Ellen's paper went east every week. She hed two book-keepers ter tend ter her paper bizness."

Gerald Armagast emptied the ashes from his pipe and refilled it with tobacco from a soiled, gray sack. I had a match ready for him.

"Thanks," said he. Then, after lighting the tobacco, he added, "Ye remind me of Ellick, only ye're younger."

It was my pleasant duty to return thanks and I did it.

"Fifty thousan' dollars was our first month's income, above all expenses," resumed Gerald.

"What!" said I, looking him squarely in the face.

"Fifty thousan', I said," returned he, coolly, fixing a look of mild curiosity, blended with honest integrity, upon me.

I almost felt ashamed of having questioned him, he seemed so perfectly honest.

"Yes, fifty thousan' it was, 'cause I remember Ellick said ef it hadn't a-ben fer railroad accidunts an' one thing another, she'd a-ben nearder sixty thousan'. Well, the bizness growed an' kep a-growin', till finally we hed about ten times the floor space we started with, an' all occupied. We was crowded fer room, too, an' still a-buildin'. Me an' Ellick an' Ellen was a-livin' in fine style by this time, I tell ye, an' our work was diff'runt. Now, instid of my bossin' the openers an' dumpers, an' sorters an' counters an' sich, *direct*, I bossed ten sub-superintendunts an' *they* bossed the workers. Ellick an' Ellen hed a hull slew of subs under them, too. Ye never see a bizness grow like that one did! We'd done away with the dummy ter haul the mail, by this time. Too slow. It'd take a dozen dummies! What we hed was two endless link belts with cups on 'em, like ye've saw in grain elevators, only *our* cups helt a wagon-load apiece!

"Ellick invented a stamp-countin' machine that cud count as many stamps as twenty people, an' we hed a lot of *them* set up an' countin'. Three people run it. Two — dumpers — shuck the stamps inter it, an' another ketched 'em in a box when they come out. We hed a machine fer cuttin' letters open, too. It was simple, compared with the counter, but it was swift an' handy. The sortin' hed ter be done by hand. No machine cud tell the diff'runce betwixt a two-cent stamp an' a five-cent stamp. The elevator cups on

that endless link belt threwed the letters onter a carrier what went inter the room wher' the openin' machines was. An' another improvement of like nater was the slides that slid the stamps ter the cars fer shipment. Ellen hed a big slide fixed fer her paper ter go down on, too.

"Ellick started a saw mill, an' all it done was ter saw boards fer buildin' additions ter the works. It never closed down, *that* mill didn't. It run all the time, an' so fast that the machinery hed ter be tuck out an' new put in inside a month. Plum wore out, the old machinery was! We mixed it up with Ellen's paper an' sent it off ter market. The cars of paper that the machinery went in weighed good, I tell ye.

"We got ter sendin' stamps ter the big cities by special trains. Onct one of our biggest trains was wrecked by fallin' inter the Canyon Diabler. A clean drop of two hundred feet, an' sixty people—guards an' sich—killed! What do ye think of that?"

I merely shuddered.

"Yessir, sixty people killed, an' six hundred thousan' dollars' worth of United States stamps ketched a-fire an' burnt. But that didn't phaze us. That was three

months arter we'd started in bizness, an' our make for that month was nine hundred thousan' above expenses, countin' in the Devil's Canyon loss."

"You certainly don't mean to say you made nine hundred thousand dollars?"

"That's what I said," replied Armagast, giving me a look that froze. "When I commenced tellin' ye about the bizness, w'ich subjec' is dearder ter me than my heart's blood," said he, "ye promised not ter int'rude. Hear?"

I heard.

"Now we begun a-havin' trouble with the gov'ment agin. Ye know people is jest that blind when they gits started on any pop'lar move, that they'll he'p it along all they kin, without no investigatin' of the matter. Here we'd been in bizness several months, an' the public hadn' learnt that we hadn' no lame girl, but they jest went it blind, an' sent stamps anyways. It was a fad, ye see. Ellick knowed human nater, easy. But about the trouble with the gov'ment. The bizness houses got our stamps. Other people hed to buy their'n of the gov'ment. Now, sech was the public demand fer stamps ter send us, ter he'p that lame girl, that the gov'ment's machines couldn' turn out stamps enough ter supply the demand. That was wher' the gov'ment kicked. We'd overstocked the bizness houses with stamps, an' they wa'n't buyin' very brisk no more. Things looked duberous in the stamp line, I tell ye. But Ellick was ekal ter it. What did he do? W'y, he writ the gov'ment, offerin' ter furnish 'em with stamps at a cent apiece! The gov'ment agreed, of course, an' everything moved along smooth agin. We shipped train loads of stamps ter Washunton, with a sign sayin', 'Stamps from A. V. Sams an' Co., Flagstaff, Arizona,' on every car. The gov'ment sent the stamps out agin, an' sold 'em at the reg'lar price, an' so doubled ther' money. All the stamps the gov'ment hed ter make was jest enough ter take the place of them that was wore out with so much handlin'.

"Now, stranger, ye think ye've heerd somethin', *don't* ye? But it aint a patchin'



GERALD LEAVING.

ter what I'm a-goin' ter tell ye now. All I've told ye about was the work of Ellick, mostly. Ter him belongs the credit. I aint a-claimin' no attention. Now hear the beatenest thing of all—the work of Ellen herse'f, w'ich—

"What's that?" cried Armagast, springing up and reaching for his grip, which he

had left in the seat back of us. "Ellumwood, did he say? That's my town. Good-bye, stranger. Good luck ter ye."

Before I could collect myself to follow him,—which I fain would have done, so eager was I to hear what marvel Ellen had wrought,—Gerald Armagast had disappeared through the rear door of the coach.

## MIDLAND WAR SKETCHES.

### VII. WINNING AND LOSING A GOLD MEDAL.

BY MOSES WATERMAN.

I DOUBT if any comrade in the army had an experience as singular and as tantalizing as mine," said Doctor M—as he tilted himself back in a chair in his little office in a small Western town. He lapsed into a meditative mood for a moment, and then resumed:

"When I was a boy I was always intensely interested in the puzzle and charade column of the weekly newspaper. I became quite expert in solving these problems as well as others of a similar character. Naturally enough, when the War of the Rebellion was in progress, although a youth, I was greatly interested in that branch of the service known as the Signal Corps, with its secret code. You doubtless saw them often in the army, on battle and siege lines, communicating orders from the commanding officer from point to point by means of a little flag which the operator waved up and down or from right to left or in front of him. Of course, no one but the members of the corps could read these secret yet open signals. I enlisted in this branch of the service and became proficient in its duties.

"The events of which I am about to speak occurred at the siege of Chattanooga in the fall of 1863, when, after the battle of Chicamauga, our forces retired to that fortified point, and were besieged by the rebels who occupied high and

commanding points overlooking that city. About the time our army occupied Chattanooga General Grant came and assumed command. The company of which I was a member was stationed at points along our line for the purpose of transmitting orders. Our commanding officer was a Lieutenant Jones, a man of convivial habits who improved every opportunity to indulge in a spree, though as an officer he knew he was liable to be dismissed from the service for such a misdemeanor. One day he came to me and proposed a temporary exchange of clothing and positions that he might go down to the city for a lark. I hesitated a long time over the risk I would thus assume, but finally, in a moment of weakness, I yielded to his wish. An exchange of suits was made and I became Lieutenant Jones and he Private M—. He promised to return the next day but failed to put in an appearance for a number of days thereafter. You will understand that the responsibility I accepted and the false position I assumed wore on my nerves and I became more alert and watchful than ever. While occupying this position I noticed that the rebel signal corps was transmitting an order all along the line. Of course the code was a secret one, unknown to me, yet I jotted down every movement and determined to decipher it if possible. It was a long study but I finally obtained



clews that enabled me to read the message. It was an order directing that at 10 A. M., the next day, all batteries in position should open upon our works all along the line.

"Here was important news that the commanding officer should know. What was I to do! I could not leave my post, so I decided to send a note to General Grant. Accordingly I wrote the General informing him that I had an important matter to communicate to him, signing myself Lieutenant Jones, of the Signal Corps. General Grant came to my post. I presented myself as Lieutenant Jones and informed him of what I had discovered and the message that had been transmitted. He received the information with some reserve, questioned me closely, thanked me and went his way to inaugurate precautionary measures.

"Shortly before 10 A. M., the next day, the hour [when the guns were to belch shot and shell from the rebel lines, General Grant reappeared and questioned me closely about the matter. I expressed myself as confident of being right in the interpretation of the order.

"We shall soon see," he said, and he waited patiently at my headquarters. At this season of the year a heavy fog was wont to lift itself from the Tennessee river, which circled around the city and hung like a pall until about 10 o'clock. As that hour approached I was on nettles of anxiety. At the appointed time, sure enough, a furious cannonading was inaugurated, and I was greatly relieved by the consciousness that I had made no mistake. General Grant thanked me and returned to his headquarters. The cannonading had little effect owing to the precautionary measures taken to withstand it.

"Soon after this event I caught another message from the rebel signal corps. It was more important than the first, for it directed a night attack by the infantry upon a point on our lines. General Grant

was informed and came to me again to be assured of its accuracy. He made preparations for the assault and repulsed and foiled the enemy in what, under other circumstances, might have been disastrous to our forces. Afterwards he came to me personally and thanked me for the service rendered, and I supposed that would be the end of it.

"After these events had taken place, Lieutenant Jones came back to the company in sorry plight. The suit of clothes I had loaned him was clean and neat when it left my hands, but now it was badly soiled from his long debauch, and I reluctantly received it in exchange for the officer's garb I was wearing.

"Time passed and these occurrences were almost overlooked in the rapidly shifting drama of the War. One day the entire company was surprised. Lieutenant Jones, with evident mortification, received a gold medal for distinguished service at the siege of Chattanooga,—a medal intended for me, but which I could not openly claim because of the false position I had unfortunately taken. The Lieutenant retained it in his keeping, but was guyed so constantly and unmercifully by the members of the company that he shortly afterwards resigned and left the service,—taking the medal with him.

"Well, comrade, you can imagine how much I would prize that medal now, or how much my children would value it. Although in one respect I fairly won it, I lost it by an unfair assumption of a position in which I was false to myself and others. Had I or either of us been detected in it, both of us would have been subjected to severe censure and punishment. I never learned what became of Lieutenant Jones and his gold medal, yet I am sure he must have suffered as many pangs of conscience as I have endured pangs of regret because of that unfortunate episode,—but such are the fortunes of war."





## EASTER EVE.

Original Drawing by the Author.

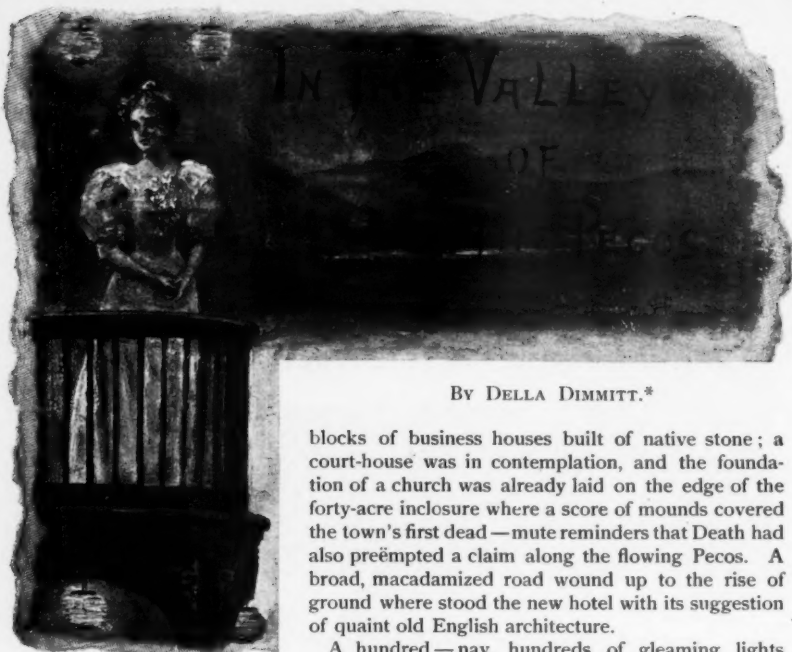
A PROMISED joy is in the air,  
 A hope of happier days,  
 Sweet perfumed flowers everywhere,  
 The sun sheds brighter rays.  
 Look out, look up, the cold is past,  
 The buds begin to swell,  
 Through clouds of night Heaven bursts in light,  
 On earth our joy shall dwell!  
 The lily bells ring this refrain,—  
 I hear it once and once again,  
 And on my heart it lies,—  
 "O weary ones, O weary ones,  
 To-morrow morn is Easter morn,—  
 Let us arise!"

Ye sorrowing ones, it rings for you,  
 A song so strong and glad,  
 Of bursting buds, of bloomy spray,  
 Of earth with verdure clad;  
 Of brighter days, of work for all,—  
 O, blessed, blessed toil!  
 The wolf no more shall haunt the door,  
 Our hearts and lives to spoil.  
 The lily bells ring this refrain,—  
 I hear it once and once again,  
 And on my heart it lies,—  
 "O weary ones, O weary ones,  
 To-morrow morn is Easter morn,—  
 Let us arise!"

Ye sinning ones, it rings for you,  
 Ye heart-sick "sons of joy,"  
 The wine hath turned to bitterness;  
 Those kisses,—how they cloy!  
 Lift up your heads, ye daughters all,  
 Christ loves you, every one!  
 Lay swift aside sin's garments dyed,  
 The robe of life put on.  
 The lily bells ring this refrain,—  
 I hear it once and once again,  
 And on my heart it lies,—  
 "O sinning ones, O sinning ones,  
 To-morrow morn is Easter morn,—  
 Let us arise!"

*Mary A. Kirkup.*

FT. DODGE.



Drawn by Clara Hendricks.

BY DELLA DIMMITT.\*

blocks of business houses built of native stone; a court-house was in contemplation, and the foundation of a church was already laid on the edge of the forty-acre inclosure where a score of mounds covered the town's first dead—mute reminders that Death had also preempted a claim along the flowing Pecos. A broad, macadamized road wound up to the rise of ground where stood the new hotel with its suggestion of quaint old English architecture.

A hundred—nay, hundreds of gleaming lights flashed from the windows and flickered in the soft, sweeping night wind from rows of Chinese lanterns

hung on wires along the graveled driveway that circled in front of the massive granite steps. The lights threw into clear relief the terra-cotta and brown building with its broad galleries and overhanging dormer windows. They fell on the fountains, the water plashing over stone cupids. They made prominent the rustic seats scattered over the grassy lawn where idlers were met to banter and laugh together. A steady stream of people was pouring through the broad entrance into the brilliantly illuminated parlors. It was the characteristic motley aggregation of a new western town into which caste and fixed laws have not penetrated.

"Have you seen her?" they whispered, one to another. "Is she pretty?" And they pressed toward the front parlor, where Colonel Feron stood under the arched doorway, greeting all comers with easy, irresistible cordiality. In immacu-

\*Awarded the Cash Prize for "the Best Story of any length," in the December 30th Competition.

# I.

IT WAS a night long to be remembered by the new town of Pecos that held in its keeping the future of this great low-lying valley in wind-swept New Mexico. A mile or more from the heart of the town, on the very crest of the mesa, stood the new hotel which this night was to see formally opened.

The town itself was only in the fourth year of its precarious existence and this well-appointed inn, one of the finest in the whole Southwest, was a tangible promise,—an earnest of the coming prosperity of which the Pecosites dreamed and for which they were playing high and desperate stakes. The lots in Pecos were spacious, as they could well afford to be in a country where land was the only "drug" on the market. The parks, with slender slips of trees in their first leafage, were well located in the angles of the wide, intersecting streets that were rapidly taking on the solidity of actual city thoroughfares. There were imposing

late evening dress, the Colonel looked the chosen leader he was in the social life of the town. And beside him stood a winsome girl, gowned in white, with pale pink roses on her bosom. It was the Colonel's niece, Kathleen Feron, whom the people were eager to greet and welcome to the valley. Kathleen—the name had in it the wild, sweet note of the wayward Irish race and belonged by divine fitness to the girl with her changeful gray eyes and wild-rose face! Everyone had a clasp of the hand and a word of kindly welcome. All had looked forward to her coming. It was that, quite as much as the opening of the inn, which had brought them out from all parts of the valley for miles around the town.

"So glad to see you, dear," murmured the leader of the gay married women in Pecos. In her heart she instinctively hated the girl, hated her because she was young and lovely and a possible claimant for the dubious honors she, herself, carried off as the surest shot, the boldest rider, and the most accomplished flirt of any woman in the valley. Kathleen smiled her thanks.

"Yes," the Colonel was saying to Mrs. Daniels, with his eyes resting proudly on the girl, "I feared she might not come in time, and when the Denver pulled in to-night with Kathleen on board, I felt like giving a war-whoop which would have roused every dead Pueblo in this valley!"

"I am glad you restrained your spirits, Uncle," said Kathleen, laughing, "or I should most certainly have staid in the car. Western welcome is one thing, but an army of Indian ghosts is quite another."

"Ah, my dear fellow!" and the Colonel extended his hand in unfeigned delight. "You are late, as usual, Aylesbury."

"Yaas," with an English drawl, "you may say I am late, Feron. I am always late to start, but you know I am always in at the finish—if there's ever anything to finish." And the dear fellow laughed hoarsely in high appreciation of his own joke.

"Kathleen," said the Colonel, with ever so slight a note of eagerness in his voice, "this is our distinguished visitor, the Earl of Aylesbury. My niece, Miss Feron, Earl."

The Earl bowed with English haughtiness, but his bold eye dwelt on the graceful figure of the girl with a marked approval which did not escape the urbane Colonel's notice.

"Going to be here long?" he drawled.

"I hope not," said Kathleen, smiling,—"that hardly sounds as if I appreciated the kindness with which the people are to-night receiving me; but when one has work to do, you know, one is anxious to be in the best place to accomplish it."

"Work! and what work can you do?" he asked. These western women were to him such incomprehensible creatures. Here was one who looked as if she might be the daughter of a hundred earls and yet she talked of work like any common thrifty barmaid!

She divined his thoughts. "What work?" she said, provokingly, "why, I amuse people!"

"Ah! then I should say you had a very wide field for your labors right here,—best place in the world for professional amusers, in New Mexico, don't you know? You can have it all your own way; there's positively no competition; but what line do you follow, Miss—ah!—Feron?"

"I vary my plan to suit the public or individual taste. Sometimes I put you to sleep, or I may wake you up, and once in a long, long time, I move you to tears,—but not generally, for I think people ought to save their tears for great occasions."

"And will you kindly amuse me?" the Earl blandly asked.

"I shall be pleased to do so if you will put yourself in a state of receptivity."

"And which plan will you try on me?" he continued.

She turned her head on one side, thoughtfully, and looked up at him, her face dimpling with smiles. "I think, on the whole, I shall wake you up, sir."

The Earl smiled grimly at the challenge, as he bowed and passed on; but there was the light of a new interest in his eyes which the watchful Colonel noted.

The Earl of Aylesbury was the latest and most valuable of the prospectors who had been blown by a chance wind down upon Pecos. He was charmed with the wild, free life of the West; there was such an unlimited range for game of one sort and another, and everything was so fresh and new that his jaded energies took a new hold on life. He was a first-rate shot,—even the cowboys with their matchless skill admitted that,—and was an all-around sport, which title gave him the freedom of the valley in its broadest and most comprehensive sense. The “*demi-reps*” and “*blacklegs*” warmed to him as a “*man and brother*.” The exclusive circle—there’s always an exclusive circle, even in a mining camp that counts but a man and two dogs—took the stranger in, he having money and a well-accredited coat of arms. It was well known that the Earl had an encumbrance in the person of a wife, who, moved perhaps by her lord’s example, had taken an independent flight of her own in company with a brother peer “without benefit of clergy,” and the Earl’s own name was on the social black list. But what of that? Are we not sinners all, and should not charity cover a multitude of sins—especially in an Earl?

When the parlors, the corridors and even the galleries were filled, the Colonel took Kathleen by the hand and led her out on the upper gallery. They stood in the curve overlooking the broad stone steps of the main entrance, and the headlight, borrowed from a Denver and Southwestern engine, threw a chute of brilliant light upon them. The people gathered in an expectant throng down in front on the lawn, and a few stood behind them in the upper gallery. It was a sea of faces and the shifting light and shadow gave it a picturesqueness fascinating to Kathleen.

“*Friends*,” said the Colonel, in those musical tones that won him a hearing whenever he spoke, “it is the custom,

when a new ship is to be launched, to set apart a day for its christening, and I thought that, when this beautiful new hotel had received its last nail, we ought to borrow the old custom of the coast and in a like manner christen this latest acquisition to Pecos, of which we are all so proud. An English Earl has named it and a woman’s hand shall bless it,” and the Colonel handed Kathleen a bottle of champagne as he stooped to draw aside the cloth that swathed the name in the curve of the gallery.

“*Ye Traveller’s Rest*” gleamed in the gold of the quaint old lettering, and “*Ye Traveller’s Rest*” half chanted Kathleen as, bending forward, she raised the long-necked bottle. It crashed and the liquid ran over the sign-board in a shivering, glittering stream.

Clasping her hands together, Kathleen drew herself up to her full slender height and began to sing. It was a song of revel and mirth, as fitted the time and place, and the singer seemed a nightingale spreading her wings and pouring her soul into the boundless freedom of the skies out of the very joyousness of existence—she seemed the untamed thing in the spirit of wine that warms and sends a strange, wild thrill through the very remotest fiber of one’s being. To her hearers she was all that and more,—she was Song itself that, like a nesting dove, flies straight into the heart and away again, giving in one brief moment the rapturous delight of possessing and the sharp pain of losing! She had never sung like that before; but something in the strangeness of it all—the night and the breathless listeners—touched that responsiveness which slumbered in the remote strain of Irish blood in her veins, and she felt her voice—that wonderful gift of hers—rising like a thing of life. Ah! this was the foreshadowing of the life which lay before her! She had dreamed of something like this, when, standing before the footlights, she would sing to the heart of the world. Once in her lifetime she had caught that wild, shy thing—the soul of a song. No wonder the peo-

ple were wild with delight; no wonder they applauded her and called for her again and again.

Aylesbury's voice rose above them all. The Earl was quite oblivious to the charmer in a black and yellow gown who stood directly in front of him; he was even looking over her white shoulders that rose from a dusky cloud of lace—looking clear beyond them to that fair young woman in the gallery, bowing and smiling while they cheered, now more wildly than ever. She sang again and again. At last she gave them, as a farewell, that inexpressibly sweet and simple idyl—Tennyson's "Brook." And they could hear its singing waters—

"For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on forever—forever."

They could see the green banks, the crystal thread flowing to

"— move the sweet forget-me-nots  
That grow for happy lovers—"

and a ways that haunting refrain,

"But I go on forever—forever."

Kathleen left the gallery and came down the broad, polished stairs, leaning on her uncle's arm, her eyes shining and her cheeks flushed at her triumph and at the sight of those rapt faces.

"Ah! but you did wake me up," the Earl said eagerly, hastening to her side the moment the Colonel had released her. "You waked me up and, too, you moved me to tears."

"I told you to save your tears for a great occasion," she said, lifting her glowing face toward him.

"And is not this a great occasion?" he asked her. "My friend, the Colonel there, thinks the opening night of his hotel the greatest occasion ever known in the valley. But, ah!—don't you know, to my mind it is a greater thing to hear a night-ingle out here on the balcony sing until it makes a man want to weep."

"Thank you," she said, touched at his rough attempt to compliment her.

"And I suppose that was what you meant by your work, was it not?"

"Yes! do you not think it is a noble calling,— to make harmony in a world of discord?"

"It certainly is, but you have a big contract on your hands, Miss Feron. It is away out of sight of the contract your uncle has taken for irrigating these desert lands, if you expect to drown all the discord people make in the world."

"Well," said she, laughing, "I shall sing in my corner of the world, anyway, whether folks listen or not."

"That's right. You've promised to amuse me, you know, and I shall listen to you better than any man you ever sang to—I shall listen on like that brook, forever and forever," he said significantly, looking down into her face. There was something almost wolfish in his steady gaze, and it sent a sudden apprehension of danger to her heart. She shivered and turned her eyes from his.

"Excuse me," she said, hurriedly, "I see a friend I have not spoken to this evening." She crossed the corridor to where a young man was standing, alone in the doorway, idly watching the groups outside.

"And why have you kept away from me all the evening?" she asked timidly, holding out her hand to him.

Instantly he turned and warmly grasped the extended hand. "You must forgive me, Miss Feron," he said, haltingly, "but—but the fact is I hardly dared presume. I did not know whether you would wish to recognize a chance acquaintance, one who has no credentials and is without a title." He glanced at the Englishman and smiled a little bitterly.

"Please don't say that," she said in a hurt voice. "We're all strangers and must take one another on trust."

"On trust," he repeated, musingly—"on trust—and will you take me for your friend on trust, Miss Feron?"

"If you wish me to," she said simply.

"Indeed I do," he continued earnestly. "Believe me, Miss Feron, I count it a great pleasure, a great privilege even to have known you, and I wish to be your friend; but remember, it is on trust you

have promised to take me. On trust implies that you may possibly have occasion to doubt me, but I beg of you to bear in mind that before the law a man is always innocent until he is proven guilty." He watched her intently and there was a shade of anxiety in his deep, dark eyes.

It seemed a strange thing for him to say to her. "Are you a horse-thief?" she asked, banteringly. "If you are, let me know in the strictest confidence and I promise you on a woman's word, which is the one thing in the world that is never broken or changed, that you—shall be nabbed before morning."

But he did not even smile, and she saw he was in no mood for jesting.

"Mr. Avery," she said gently, "I think a man's face is his own best guarantee of what he, himself, is. I do believe in you and I cannot conceive what could possibly give me occasion to doubt you are what you say you are."

He reddened and hesitated a moment. "Suppose, Miss Feron, that, owing to peculiar circumstances, which it is not the part of prudence to disclose, a man is temporarily placed in a false position,—what then?"

"Ah! 'Time is the old justice,' you know, and if the man in question really be a sincere and honest man, he can afford to rest under misapprehension until Time disproves it. We are all more or less liable to be misunderstood or even suspected of evil, but a friend is not worthy to be called a friend who cannot have faith in us at all times and under all circumstances—but I am talking in the dark."

"You make it very light, if you are," he said, and his face was so strong and steady and earnest as he looked at her that she was glad she had spoken. He extended his hand to her and their hands clasped in mute pledge of faith. "And if you ever stand in need of a service, any service which a man may render you, Miss Feron," he added in a low tone, "command me. Your singing," he said presently, to relieve the strain of the awkward pause, "I suppose you were de-

lighted with the ovation they gave you to-night."

"Yes, I confess to a very human desire for approval. I did delight in the applause they gave me, but at the same time I felt a new reverence for my one divine gift that was almost holy. My voice never seems to belong to me; it seems something higher than and apart from myself—it is my gift from God," she said with a rare look that always shone in her face when she spoke of that wonderful gift of song.

"I do not wonder that you feel so. Do you know when you were up there, standing in that shaft of light, you hardly seemed of earth! You made me feel, when you were singing of the brook going on forever, that we, too, were going on forever,—our lives flowing on and on even after the 'forever' of the brook has been swallowed up. I do not feel like complimenting you, Miss Feron,—the rest have done that; but I would like to tell you that when you were singing I felt—felt an uplift of soul—a strong desire to be better and nobler—to live upon a higher plane."

Her eyes glistened with happy tears. "Oh! Mr. Avery," she said impulsively, "I do thank you for saying that—it is worth all the empty praise ever given me." In that moment she thought of another man who had to-night spoken of the same strain in her song; of another face, not like this one full of earnest, manly strength, but a dark, grim face, old in sin.

The Colonel was looking or Kathleen and, seeing the two, came directly across to where they were standing.

"Uncle," said the girl archly, "you have failed to do your full duty as host to the Valley to-night; there is one man you don't know, and he has been in Pecos almost seven hours!"

"Keep it close, Kathie," he said in feigned alarm, "if it should get out on me the company would cut my head off instantly and put up a new manager. But who is the man?"

"Mr. Avery,—Colonel Feron."



The Colonel bowed and offered a gracious hand and Kathleen continued: "We were in the same Pullman coming down from New York, and when we found we were both bound for the same benighted town in the desert, that was sufficient ground for a traveling acquaintance."

"Prospecting, sir?" the Colonel asked, as he drew Kathleen's hand firmly within his arm. It is a responsible office, that of guardian to a girl of one and twenty, with bewitching ways and a general inclination toward sweet sympathies. The Colonel realized the peculiar danger that lurks in tall, well-favored young men, faultlessly clothed and with somewhat of a patrician bearing.

"Yes," Avery answered courteously, "I am prospecting, but I want to get the lay of the land before I myself invest, or influence others to do so."

"That's right—that's right. If every man would exercise the same caution the West would not rest under the curse it does to-day from those fellows who rush headlong into ventures that even a slight investigation would show to be fakes from the ground up. Look around, Mr. Avery; the country will speak for itself, and my services are at your command, sir,—remember that," and he smiled suavely as he turned away.

"Thank you," returned the young man, "I shall call upon you." He bowed good-night, including them both in the glance which lingered on Kathleen as she ran lightly up the staircase, past the stragglers coming down from the deserted dressing rooms. He remembered her long afterward as she looked then in her floating white draperies, with the light falling on the burnished knot of golden hair.

## II.

"In this desert inaccessible,  
Under the shade of melancholy boughs  
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of  
time."

Kathleen had come out of the cool interior and stood on the low, shaded gallery where the wind came in from such a wide sweep that it blew the climbing jack-

beans with a steady swish! swish! against the slender railing. "Do you think Shakespeare had a prophetic eye on us here, Uncle?" she queried.

"May be, Kathie," said the Colonel, turning in his hammock and rousing from his siesta to look at the girl standing like a wind-blown flower just outside the door. "It's 'As You Like It' pretty much here in New Mexico, but I insist, with authority, upon the similarity stopping right there with the melancholy boughs. I'll have no pensive Rosalinds or philandering Orlandos anywhere on my ranch." The Colonel had a retrospective mental eye on Mac Avery, who had evinced indifference to the snares openly set in the sight of all men by the gay Pecos matrons and had shown a perverse desire to come near the Colonel's ward. Mac had, of late, forsworn the festive town gatherings. He didn't like to see Kathleen with the townswomen. They were all right, of course, he said, but frivolous and just a trifle free.

Kathleen laughed gaily at the Colonel's suggestive remark. "Orlandos and Rosalinds don't appear in this end of the century, Uncle."

"Don't they? Glad of it, for we would have to choke them off if they did; but how do the melancholy boughs strike you, after all? Do you like to lose and neglect the creeping hours of time, hey, Kathie?"

"You impudent man!" and she gave the hammock a sudden violent shake that sent the lazy occupant groping wildly after the swaying sides of it to keep himself from falling, "that's an insinuation I will not stand. I've practiced six hours every day ever since I've been here—it's you who've lost the hours while I've been wearing out my vocal chords in this desert with nobody ever to hear me or say, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant of song!' Returning to your question—I rather like this way of living; it is restful and has the advantage of being a new experience, which is something worth considering in a world where there is nothing new under the sun, saving and

excepting New Mexico. But, Uncle"—and she hushed her voice and came a little nearer—"I do wish that goddess of the kitchen would not be quite so—O, just a little different, you know."

"What's the matter with Mrs. Sterling?" he asked in great surprise, "she's a prime cook and keeps things in the most immaculate order."

"That's just it—she is too immaculate; it is perfection strung up to concert pitch all the time and it just wears me out. Oh! if she would only do something or not do something—just leave the merest speck of dust on the piano cover," wailed Kathleen, "then without any mental reservation I could consent to let her live."

The Colonel roared with laughter. "I had never thought of it before," he said, still laughing, "but it is highly culpable in her—sort of a living reproach to folks who don't dust well."

"Yes! and then there's something else," said the young woman, meditatively, "she seems to appeal for sympathy with those great sad eyes of hers—did you ever see anything so hopelessly sad?—and then when you try to give her your sympathy, she doesn't want it and won't have it, and somehow pushes you away from her."

"Miss Kathleen," came a low voice from the doorway, "will you please come here just a minute?"

Kathleen started guiltily, then turned meekly and followed,—the trim, white-capped housekeeper leading the way through the hall. In a few moments she was back on the gallery.

"Uncle," she whispered, "she wanted me to tell her if I liked the way she had arranged the dining-room."

"And did you like it?"

"Yes"—reluctantly, "but I made her change the stag's head from over the chimney corner to the bay window," she added, with an air of having scored a point on the housekeeper.

"And did that suit you better?"

"Suit me better!" she sniffed. "Who ever heard of a stag's head in a bay

window with a green vine chasing up the wall after it!"

Running Water was the apotheosis of the old-time ranch. There was but a scant seven hundred acres, hardly a patch on the great pastures which used to extend for miles in all directions, and took a herdsman days to ride around their outside limits; but the great pastures have vanished along with the palmy days and the cattle barons of the late Sixties and early Seventies. One more wave of change has passed over New Mexico and brought it a few stakes nearer the civilization of "the States." A mountain spring that came gurgling up from the myterious earth-hidden water sources gave the ranch its value and its name. From the cool nook among the rocks, the stream had been turned into a series of irrigating ditches that intersected the land like a curious network of connected canals of varying sizes. Peons from Old Mexico had charge of the work, and the skill with which they turned the winding stream on, making it run up hill and down, was a marvel to American eyes accustomed to modern engineering science. It was the very simplest form of irrigation, but the spring which was the fountain-head of the system was located on the land and there was a natural outlet, as well, on the ranch itself in a deep gully that flung the waters back among the mountains and had some unknown connection with the underground water sources of the region. Since no other land was dependent for its water supply upon this particular source, and none to be injured by an artificial waste weir carrying off the surplus flow, and no doubtful boundaries to settle, it was practically outside the territorial legislation concerning the intricate irrigation problem, and, as private property, was the most valuable water-right in the entire valley. Thus the land which had been the browsing place of herds was turned into a fruitful farm with never failing "seasonin'," as the old Texan called the rain, to mature the crops. The hillside vineyard, acres in extent, was weighted

with clusters of the Mission grapes in the very height of their perfection. The orchard yielded such well-flavored fruits that there was no question about this particular desert blossoming as the rose. It was a sort of living epistle on the possibilities of the Pecos valley. But the holding of it in his own right and entirely independent of the corporation that controlled the water-rights of every other settler in the valley, bore an unmistakable look of bad faith in the manager of the Pecos Valley Company. However, it was clearly his own private property, and if he held it as an anchor to windward, as some darkly hinted, he deemed it his own affair.

Right in the heart of the blossoming ranch, nine miles on a straight road from Pecos, was what the Colonel called his bungalow—though it was not that at all. There was a very decided Bengalese character to the concave curve of the high-peaked roof and to the great gallery winding around the entire circuit of the house, but the pillars that supported the red-topped overhanging roof were Corinthian. The house was two-storied, with a wide hallway above and below, in the form of a Greek cross, extending the entire length and width of it. The Oriental idea appeared again in the straw-colored matting and bamboo furnishings. Everything was light and airy, even to the pale yellow curtains, thin as a dragon's wing, with which the wanton wind voluptuously toyed. In the upper hall, books lined the open cases, and the latest magazines and city papers lay close at hand, bringing the world into the desert. A grand piano stood beside an open window that commanded a glorious view of distant mountains breaking through their purple clouds. It was an ideal home. "Resting-place" the old-time monks would surely have named it—a resting place for jangled nerves in the limpid, vivifying air of the matchless New Mexican climate, a resting place for tired souls from the world's vain strife. Kathleen reveled in it. She was neither of the jangled nerves nor the tired soul, but it was that sort of

a rest an unwearied bird takes when pluming for long, adventurous flight.

Aylesbury was a frequent visitor. "What does he come for?" Kathleen had asked the Colonel. He told her there were some business matters pending between them and he hoped the Earl would make some large investments. "And if he does that, Kathleen," he went on specifically, "it will be the making of Pecos. The Earl has influence among the moneyed men and it will likely result in the formation of an English syndicate with a backing of millions. They will improve the valley and boom their colonization scheme and draw the tide of immigration this way until all southeast New Mexico is settled up. If I can but close the deal, our scheme will be saved—it means everything to me, everything!" As he spoke something fierce crept into his face, something which had not been wont to dwell there—it was the consuming greed of gain.

Kathleen listened. "And that is why we must be gracious to the Earl? I will try for your sake, Uncle; but he is so odious!"

"Odious, Kathie?"—the Colonel was his old urbane self again—"why! there isn't a woman in Pecos who would not give her interest in Heaven to be Aylesbury's countess."

An ominous spark gleamed in the girl's gray eyes, a foul suspicion came to her heart. No! it could not be, and she put it away from her. "I do not believe," she said, with a certain sting in her trembling voice, "that a woman—one who really deserves to be called by that royal name, would ever take that wicked man's hand, even if it could bring her the crown of an empress." She had risen from her seat by the window as she spoke. She turned and left the room abruptly.

The Colonel felt he had made a mistake; he had shown his hand too soon. It gave him a curious sensation of surprise the next day when the Earl came and Kathleen came down stairs and went directly toward him with hand outstretched and with the gentlest look in her

beautiful eyes. He did not know that she was trying to make some mute atonement for having cherished such bitter feelings against a fellow creature. A girl is a queer casuist. After the first rude shock of disclosed sin is over, she feels herself a guilty sharer in the general moral degradation, and in the effort to purify her own soul the woman's sense of justice in her is in danger of being lost in a mistaken pity for the actual transgressor.

Aylesbury was charmed. He was no impecunious fortune hunter. What did he want with more money! He had anathematized New Mexico already in his usual comprehensive style as lacking in but one thing—the requisite number of objects to spend money upon. And what did he care for the purple he was born to! "It aint worth a ———!" he exclaimed to Feron, with a new picturesque oath he had picked up in the West. "But I do want that girl and, ———, I'll have her if it keeps me here my lifetime."

The thrifty Colonel had intimated rather distinctly upon what terms he might "go in and win." The Earl was rather taken aback. "Why don't you insist upon selling me the whole of New Mexico with Texas thrown in for a bonus, Feron," he exclaimed contemptuously, "instead of a paltry seventy thousand acres of desert sand and a bankrupt town?"

Then the Colonel waxed eloquent on the possibilities of the Pecos valley. He had lived on those possibilities as many another gambler in western futures has done and is doing; they were his meat and drink; on them he had staked his money—I should have said other people's money—and now, for them he was trading on an innocent girl's future. It was an interesting game and, if the mercenary Colonel, sometime carried away by the heat of it, began to grow flushed and excited, he laughed to himself as he recalled the ace he held. The only difficulty was Kathleen, herself. And now she was smiling, actually smiling up into Aylesbury's face!

The Earl was not ill-favored; there was a sort of bold strength in his tall, straight

figure, and a singular, nameless charm in his face, with its fierce, dark eyes. Was it the evil in it?—That I do not know, but I have heard it said an Indian brave is of deeper interest the more scalps he carries dangling at his belt!

"Ah! thank you, Miss Kathleen," said the Earl, with some sort of vague notion that she had conferred some boon upon him. "Fine day—glorious day. Reminds me of an English October; a day like this always fires a man if he has a drop of sportsman's blood in his veins. Something like tossing off a glass of champagne; ha! ha! Feron—sharp and sparkling!"

But the Earl was hardly equal to working a vein of poetry. He halted rather lamely. "Ever been on a well-planned fox-hunt, Feron? Sweetest music you ever listened to,—the bay of the hounds, Miss Kathleen,—ah! beg pardon—except the music you make yourself." Then he ran into a detailed description of a hunt. Here he was quite at home.

Kathleen listened absorbingly. It was a vivid picture. She saw the woodlands and the gorse covers, the pack of hounds, running low and following the scent under the guidance of whip and huntsman and of their own wonderful instinct. She held her breath as the horsemen cleared a dangerous ditch, or made a fence, and all her sympathies were—with the fox. She said so and Aylesbury laughed. It pleased him, though, this little mark of gentle womanhood. Somehow it always struck him disagreeably to see a woman entering into a man's sports, though he praised the Pecos ladies of the fast set who could bring down an antelope with clever skill. "Ha! ha! Miss Kathleen, you would make a very unreliable patron of a match if your sympathies were invariably going out to the under dog, you know!"

Dinner was announced and the Earl gave his arm to Kathleen. Mrs. Stirling served them, passing in and out of the room and parting the delicate reed curtains that fell back in an instant with a soft whirr that might have come from the

swaying wings of the bead birds wrought with Mexican skill into the frail texture.

"Feron," said the Earl abruptly, glancing out of the east end of the room, framed in glass and massed with blooming plants, his glance resting on the distant Guadeloupe mountains; and, with a comprehensive wave of his hand that took in all the appointments, the side-board gleaming with cut-glass and silver, trophies and reminders of many a rare chase, the shining table with its center-piece of fronded ferns and roses, over which a soft light from a glittering, rosy-hued drop-light fell—"Ah! Feron, the first time I dined with you, don't you know, I thought it was a bachelor's heaven. But what's a bachelor's heaven compared to a heaven with a lovely woman in it! Miss Kathleen, I drink to you!"—and he raised his wine-glass to meet the Colonel's full of the tawny wine.

"Please don't!" she said warningly, and there was a blush on her cheek and a beseeching look in her glowing eyes. "Drink it in water," and she reached a glass to each, "I—I am afraid of wine; it brings harm to many people and, therefore, cannot be a good omen." She had discovered the trail of the serpent in this garden of Eden and was praying for help to drive it out.

The then untouched wine-glasses were drained and filled many times over, after

she had left the dining room and the gentlemen were left to themselves. Later, the two went out on the front gallery and smoked. The sound of music came down from the upper hall, but they forgot that after awhile and never knew when it stopped. Kathleen, coming down stairs to join them, was stopped by a fragment of low conversation. She did not mean to listen, but Avery's name was mentioned. "That — Mac Avery," said Aylesbury, "is bent on mischief."

"I'm onto him," the Colonel responded unsteadily. "He goes up with us on the Guadeloupe hunt, an' did you ever hear of a man goin' up—an' never—comin' down—shay, Aylesbury?" The Colonel's tongue was fast loosening, and thickening as well.

Kathleen's heart stood still; she clasped her hands in a strained agony of attention, but the Earl was "half seas over," himself, and failed to take any further interest or even to comprehend the confidential disclosures the Colonel was desperately attempting to make. Then there was nothing but an incoherent murmur of voices. But she had heard enough, and she stole up-stairs fearing and shrinking from the creeping shadow her own figure made in the flooding moonlight. One wild, voiceless prayer rose from her heart over and over again—a prayer for Mac Avery's safety.

*[Concluded in the May Midland.]*

## LOVE.

### TO THE UNKNOWN AND IDEAL.

DOST know, dear heart, what love is, when two souls  
From out th' eternal silences of life—  
More patient, more pathetic, far than deaths—  
Grow vocal each to each? And, having learned  
What life is, and what love, in a new rhythm,  
The song will haunt their brains forever more,  
Till, having sweetened life, it soars beyond,  
And sings beside the angels, when here falls  
That other white-faced silence we call death.

*Elizabeth Peckham.*

Written in Dubuque, in August, 1870.



## SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC THEMES.

### THE ICARIAN COMMUNITY—STORY OF ETIENNE CABET'S EXPERIMENT IN COMMUNISM.

BY BARTHINIUS L. WICK.

COMMUNISM never loses its charms. Dreamers and dwellers in the clouds, recluses, hermits, all have looked upon communism as a means for the rectification of society; and long ere Bellamy gave his Utopian scheme to the world had it been proclaimed that the time would come when society should be reorganized with "equality and fraternity" as the fundamental principle. Plato in his "Republic" presents to us an ideal world, where the throbbings and tumults of selfishness shall yield to the magic charm of equality and brotherhood. Plotinus attempted to carry out the great philosopher's ideas, but ended in sadness and disaster. The first Christian church at Jerusalem made no distinction of property, and, from that time to this, monastic orders and many sects have followed the example; among the best known might be mentioned the Anabaptists in Münster, the Libertines of Switzerland, the Herrnhuters, and in this country the Shakers, the Harmonists, the Zoarites and the Brook Farm experiment. These have la-

bored assiduously to put into practice visionary theories which appear plausible on paper, but which by practical application fall short of the mark, for people so soon forget that self-abnegation is still unknown, and human nature is much the same as it was ages ago.

I will attempt to sketch an interesting phase of communism as it has been carried out in Iowa for almost half a century. There are in Iowa two real "communities,"—the Icarian Society in Adams County, and the Amana Society in Iowa County. The history of these, from whatever point it is studied, is interesting and instructive. It deals with two types of character, with two races of men, the French and the German. While the French attempted to realize a Utopian paradise of which philosophers might dream, the practical Germans built their theories upon a basis more sober and less fanciful. They did not try to make men more nearly perfect than mankind is capable of being, but rested their principles of brotherhood upon the old Christian idea of love. The French demanded too much, tried to build up a community in defiance of existing conditions. Imbued with the revolutionary ideas so prevalent in France during the first half of our century, they founded their society on broad, democratic principles with "solidarity, equality and fraternity" as the groundwork of their faith. However, they failed to realize that in order to carry out such schemes the state of affairs must approach the millennium. The Germans believed that "religion is the only bond which can unite men in true fellowship," and upon this principle they have always acted. Worship has never been neglected, and as they believe they have



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been directed by divine revelations, and have had a number of prophets and prophetesses, their government has been more of a theocratic nature. This faith in religion, this inward piety, has cemented the members into closer relationship, into harmony and love, where others, ignoring religion, have been given up to faction and party strife. The French based their creed on reason, and instead of a place for worship they erected a dancing and lecture hall, where the Lord's Day was spent in amusement, while the evenings were there devoted to music and theaters. These mere social ties do not seem sufficiently strong to bind men closely and firmly together. When the dark and dreary days come, when life's trials begin, then these ties of a social nature are broken, and something stronger, more substantial, must take their place. Thus more than once the Icarian Community was scattered, only to begin over and become subject to a new attack.

The Trappist monastery near Dubuque is a community in a certain sense, as all property is held in common by the members; still it is more like a Christian brotherhood, its members having renounced the world.

The Amish-Mennonites, of whom we have a number, also form a sort of corporation, but of such a peculiar kind that they can scarcely be spoken of as communists in the modern sense.

The story of Icaria is long, eventful, interesting to the student of the social questions of our age, and a little of its history may not be amiss to anyone interested in these subjects. Two and one-half miles east of Corning and about twenty miles west of Creston one can see a number of large barns and granaries and substantial farm houses, and on the adjoining lands may be seen a few laborers at work. This is now all that remains of Cabet's great social schemes which he gave to the world in 1840. The little village is the home of the Icarian Community, which was planted in 1853, when there was scarcely a settler in the county and scarcely a railroad in the state. In the revolution of '48 the

scheme which was carried out in Iowa numbered thousands, now it has only a few sanguine believers,—the last of their race. But, such are the changes constantly taking place around us, we can scarcely realize that to-day one thing is uppermost in men's thoughts, to-morrow another.

Etienne Cabet, the founder, was born at Dijon, France, in 1788. Although the son of a cooper, he obtained an education and became a famous lawyer in Paris, but in those excitable times he became involved in political troubles and thus lost his practice. In 1830 he threw himself heart and soul into the revolution and in 1834 was rewarded with a seat in the lower chamber. His radical views cost him his seat, and he was exiled for five years, going to England. Here he spent his time in study. In 1839 he returned to France, and in 1840 he was so imbued with communism that he wrote a book called "*A Voyage en Icarie*," which pictured an ideal life on an island where communism was carried out. While living in London Cabet met Owen, who at that time attracted world-wide attention. America and communism was the subject, and Cabet then made up his mind to formulate his plans and carry them out on this side of the Atlantic. On his return to France, Cabet once more took part in political agitation, and was one of the most ardent republicans in the Revolution of '48. He was mentioned as a presidential candidate, but Napoleon's popularity was so overwhelming that Cabet's hopes were soon shattered. Disappointed in politics, dissatisfied with the outcome of the Revolution, he called all his admirers together and proposed a departure to America, where all they hoped for would be more than realized. In the same year a large number departed, and, as they were leaving, put their property into a common fund, and made Cabet dictator for ten years, he to remain in France for some time and advertise the scheme. They set sail from Havre, bound for New Orleans. On the same ship were a number of monks from the monastery of La Trappe, who were on their way to join their brothers at

New Gethsemane, Kentucky. Both were going on an important mission. The monks brought the customs of the Sixth Century, which they intended to plant in a new and vigorous republic; the Icarians came full of hopes, with new schemes and untried reforms for the rectification of society. Both sought to seclude themselves from the world, the one among the mountains of Kentucky, the other in an isolated spot on the prairies of Texas. While the monks laid stress on the future and spent their time in prayer, the others danced and amused themselves as fancy dictated. One class brought the old, the other the new; and in a measure as both, in order to protect themselves, sought to build barriers for the stress of progress, they have signally fallen short of their aims; for while the monastery has not multiplied, neither has Icarianism been able to extend its influence farther than the little circle which has gradually become smaller and will ere long entirely disappear.

Before the ship had reached an American port, another change had hurled Louis Philippe from power, and the Second Republic was established. The admirers at home forgot their brothers abroad, and the pioneers were ready to return to France. Through an agent one million acres of land had been purchased about thirty miles from Dallas, Texas, but the sale was conditional. The locality was unfortunate, and but little communication could be had with the outside world; so they soon returned to New Orleans, sick and discouraged, expecting their leader to come. In 1849 Cabet and four hundred followers arrived, and the whole number now consisted of five hundred, who were willing to go where the leader dictated, and "to prove to the world that a community based on solidarity is realizable and possible." Quarrels soon arose. Some stayed in New Orleans, while about two hundred returned to France. About three hundred still remained faithful to Cabet. Good fortune favored the pioneers, for, just as Brigham Young was leaving Nauvoo, Illinois, for Utah, the Icarians came,

and rented at a nominal rental eight hundred acres of vacated land, and bought a mill and a distillery. Here they prospered and soon they had a membership of five hundred. Schools were kept up, a newspaper was printed, and a large library was also obtained. In 1852 more than three thousand acres of land were purchased in Iowa, while at Nauvoo they had property valued at \$65,000.

Success dawned upon the Icarian band; but with prosperity came also difficulties before unknown. In times of failure and disappointment they were willing to submit to the authority of one man; but when good fortune came, the desire to rule became stronger; no one was willing to submit to the authority of anyone else. As yet, no organization had been made, on account of the quarrels among themselves, and also on account of the fear of the legislators, who were careful in granting charters to peculiar institutions, since the Mormons had caused so much trouble.

Finally, in 1850, a charter was obtained, and Cabet was elected president, although there was already much opposition. In 1856, Cabet and one hundred and eighty of his party abandoned the community in order to found a new branch, where he could be able to carry out his own plans without being frustrated by a hostile majority. In St. Louis, whither the party had gone, Cabet died,—of apoplexy, within a week after arrival,—without having been able to put in practice the theories his imaginative mind had worked out. His followers did not lose courage, but in 1858 bought an estate called Cheltenham, lying six miles west of St. Louis. The estate contained only twenty-eight acres, and was intended for a small fruit farm. The price was \$25,000. Here they could work at their trades in the city, as the members were mostly mechanics,—tailors and shoemakers, etc.,—and yet enjoy the advantages of a communistic life. The number dwindled down to one hundred and fifty; although there constantly came followers from France, still the number diminished. Again two parties arose, again the same old question:

Shall it be the rule of one man, or shall the power rest with all the members. In 1859 forty-two of the minority left Cheltenham, preferring to struggle with the world instead of opposing a hostile faction in the community. The remainder endeavored to pay the debts, but they had been so much weakened by the separation that in 1864 the mortgagee took the property and they were compelled to leave, seeing the result of five years' hard work go over into other hands, and with the inward feeling that the ideal communistic life they had struggled to attain had been only a delusion.

The community at Nauvoo had been much weakened by the separation; suits about the property were carried on, as all the land had been deeded to Cabet. It was not until 1860 that the Illinois property was disposed of, and the last member crossed the river for Iowa. Here, they thought, surely everything they had fondly imagined would soon be realized. From experience they knew that it was necessary for a community to begin life in seclusion; there would be no opportunity to mingle with the outside world; it would be difficult to leave, they would naturally be thrown together, and in course of time would prefer such a life, as they could see nothing else. The land cost \$1.25 per acre, and a large mortgage, bearing ten per cent interest, called for more than the land could produce. Nothing could be done, so all the land but eleven hundred acres was given up to the mortgagee. This was enough, however, for by 1863 the number had dwindled down to thirty-five.

The Civil War brought up the price of farm products, and with financial success came new hope. Sheep, cattle and horses were raised, while farming and manufacturing were also carried on. By 1868 the membership had increased to sixty-eight, and the acreage to seventeen hundred. In 1871 a railroad was laid, and now their market place was only four miles away. Once more the outlook was bright, the brightest it had been in Icaria's history. Unfortunately, it was only a mirage, to entice them deeper into trouble; a Nem-

esis, which for a moment led them up into the mountain to see their ideal realm, the more fully afterwards to make them taste the cup of bitterness.

The old men who had shared their bread with the howling mob of Paris, who had experienced sickness and disappointments in Texas, who had passed through the internal strifes at Nauvoo, who had taken part in the early struggles in Iowa, these men had grown thoughtful; they were no longer the bold, daring socialists of revolutionary fame. They had long since given up their strained Utopian ideas of a corner in this world where temptations, struggles and trials are unknown. But a younger generation had grown up to carry out the plans the fathers were about to lay down. The younger members were full of hope, courage and new ideas. They called themselves progressive, and dubbed their fathers with the epithets, "conservative," "old-fogyish," "behind the times." The old men were not willing to see their life-work fall without a struggle; neither would the younger ones yield without a blow.

Equality is the corner-stone of communism; this, the old members had not carried out to the letter. Each family was given the privilege of owning certain furniture, and also a little garden was set apart for each household. In these gardens they took great pride; here they cultivated fruits of various kinds, especially grapes. This fruit they could sell if they wished, and they could keep the money. Among communists, as among others, we are not all just alike; so, while one person had a fine garden and raised much fruit, another, who was indolent, would have little or nothing. This caused jealousy and envy, and there were those who thought that this introduced too much of "individuality and inequality," two things which must be kept out of a community based on just the opposite. It was proposed that these little gardens filled with grape-vines, apple trees, and shrubbery, should be destroyed. The owners objected, and the saddest struggle the community had ever witnessed en-

sued,—the sons opposing their fathers. Arbitrators were called in, and it was decided that one party should move a mile east and settle, while the land should be divided equally, according to the number of membership in each body.

Soon other troubles arose, the old trials of leadership, freedom, equality. Once more they sought the courts to settle their disputes. In 1860 they had incorporated as an agricultural society, and by the law could own no more than five thousand seven hundred and sixty acres, and they must carry on farming. This last provision they had not followed, but they had operated a saw-mill, a flouring-mill, and several smaller factories. Thus the courts held that they had violated the provisions of the charter, and thus it was null and void. Three trustees were appointed to settle up the affairs in 1878. Again the members sought reconciliation, but the necessary two-thirds majority to expel was lacking. The trustees paid over all the money the members had been credited with on the books, the remainder was divided among all in such proportion that a small salary was awarded each one according to the number of years he had worked after coming of age. By this method the conservative party, fewer in number, obtained more than half the property. In 1879 the two parties organized again. The younger took the old village and incorporated under the old title, "The Icarian Community," while the older ones moved one mile away and took the name of "The New Icarian Community." This community we have to-day, numbering at present only twenty-one, with a well-stocked farm of eleven hundred acres. In order to prevent further trouble the New Icarians organized as a partnership. This method was preferable, as it had all the advantages of a corporation and avoided some of the disadvantages. The changes in the constitution were: "A majority can expel a minority when quarrels arise; no outside parties can step in and expose a violation of a charter; each member willingly gives up all his property, and can claim nothing

if he decides to leave. The children during minority are under the absolute care of the association. The community is to last for ninety-nine years, unless sooner dissolved by the consent of the members. The affairs are conducted by five directors chosen by the members every year. Women have the right to vote upon all admissions and exclusions, upon the revision of the contract, upon the dissolution of the society, and upon all matters of moral and intellectual interest."

The other party incorporated and "extended the right of suffrage to women, abolished the presidency . . . formulated the Icarian creed according to rationalism founded on observation, and placed it outside of and against all anti-scientific revelations." Marriage was approved, property could never be reclaimed, while the community as a whole should rule with five directors and a new chairman to be appointed at every meeting.

Once more hope was kindled and all looked well. But there were too many men who wished to advise and govern, while there were not enough of those who were willing to accept drudgery and work as common sense dictated. The democracy of equality gave way to discord and dissension. A few of the members went to Florida, but on account of lack of numbers were unable to establish a community. Others went to Kansas and California. In the latter state a suitable place was found; and here, in 1881, the Bluxom ranch of 885 acres was purchased for \$15,000, located eighteen miles south of San Francisco, near the little village of Cloverdale. The younger party in Iowa, now few in numbers, disposed of their property and joined their more favored brothers on the Pacific slope. The change seemed necessary, for two parties living at enmity, so close together, was far from desirable and undoubtedly led to disputes. Farming in Iowa is not ideal by any means. It is far from being a realization of the communist's dream. California had advantages. Horticulture, so much loved by the French, had its charms for the Icarian. It was profitable

the work pleasant, and they would be together more and have more leisure for study or recreation, which is necessary if a communistic society shall have any charms.

A suitable name was looked for, and it was decided to call the new organization "The Icaria - Speranza Community." Speranza was the name Pierre Leroux, a French socialist, had given to a romance he had written. It was to satisfy the friends and relatives of Cabet and Leroux that this name was adopted. Under the existing laws of California a partnership was organized instead of a corporation.

A few changes were made in their mode of government, which bitter experience had taught them would be for the best. A certain amount of private property was permitted, such as furniture, clothing, presents, and as much as \$50 in money could be retained. At the end of the year all profits were divided and each person was credited with his or her share on the books. Another change was a "labor premium" of \$1.50, which was paid out at the end of every month. If the person had been absent a half day he received one dollar, if he had been absent one day he was allowed only fifty cents; sickness or other excuse was invalid. This provision was undoubtedly to prevent any shirking on the part of the members, but this, from other similar experiences, seemed superfluous, as members had all worked, and that without complaining.

Middle-western farmers have for the past few years suffered more from the general depression than at any other time since the War, for, besides failure of crops and low prices, money has been scarce, the rate of interest high, and the price of farm implements has been much the same as when wheat sold at \$1.25 per bushel. These hard times have also materially affected communistic societies, so that when during the month of February last some members of the Icarian Community came into court asking that a receiver be appointed, and for dissolution of the existing partnership, in order to wind up its affairs, it did not surprise those who were

acquainted with the inner workings of the community; for when money is not plentiful, when strict economy is enforced, communistic life becomes irksome and unbearable. Whether or not a new society will again be organized is doubtful, for Icarianism has been tried in Iowa in all its varied phases without being what the founders had hoped for. Icarianism has secluded itself from the world, has built barriers against the individualism found in society, but it seems that this isolation has proved fatal, and that the organization, now being wound up in the courts, may be the last Icarian community in Iowa.

Such is a brief sketch of the Icarians in Iowa. Since 1853 they have toiled, suffered and planned. How far they have realized their dreams an outsider cannot say. At no time were there more than five hundred, and perhaps in Iowa never more than three hundred, and now, forty years after their arrival, there reside twenty-one who still cling to their creed with the enthusiasm of worshippers at Mecca. In several parts of the state there are many Icarians who, having left the society for various reasons, still hold their faith in communism as vigorously as ever.

Will Icarianism prosper, or will it die? Will California be the only place where it shall survive? These are questions we cannot answer. Their communistic friends at Amana have prospered, but they attribute their prosperity to one thing,—religion—which, they claim, "is the only bond which can unite men in true fellowship." As far as financial success goes, the plain Amana Germans have succeeded by industry, frugality and perseverance. They may have had their internal quarrels; many have undoubtedly left the society; but never have they had a law-suit among themselves, and never has a quarrel gone outside their own membership. They have been at variance, no doubt; they would not be human if they had not, but their faith, their respect for their prophets and religious leaders, have softened the heart, mitigated quarrels and planted love where envy would otherwise have resided.



The Icarians, "the soldiers of humanity," French materialists, who took up pioneer life with such excellent intentions of converting civilized countries, after a half-century of privation have been compelled to say that, "it is a long distance from desire to the realization, from principle to fact, from theory to the practical

embodiment." Although the world may not appreciate their labors; although their beautiful dream has not been realized; though their work has been fruitless and ephemeral; still the devotion, the self-denial, the sincerity of the members, who shrank from no privation, cannot help but awaken sympathy.

## IN THE WOODS AND ON THE HEIGHTS.

AN AFTERNOON RAMBLE WITH THE BOYS IN THE ARDENNES FOREST.

THE EDITOR ABROAD. XII.

IT IS a perfect April day and we will take to the woods. Which way shall we go? The view is fine from the wooded height known as "Kronprinzrast," or as we would say, Crown Prince's Rest, the highest height of Carlshöhe to the southwest of Aix la Chapelle.

Taking the little horse car here called "pferdebannwagen," we ride up the hill through the narrow and winding Jacob "strasse," past the market women selling apples, oranges and vegetables in the public square, past the "Rathaus" or city hall, which was built before Columbus came to America, past St. Paul's church, which has been open for worship every day since the year 1293, two hundred years before Columbus went back to Spain with the story of his find. We pass through streets so crowded with children that the wonder is the car does not run over some of them. When the shrill whistle of the driver tells them they must clear the track, you should hear the clatter of their wooden shoes and their strange jabber as they chase one another over the rough stone pavement!

We are soon out of the city and upon the open road leading to the southwest. The roadway is wide. In the middle is a pavement of flat stones for wagons which carry heavy loads. At each side is a smooth road for light wagons, and beyond that, a well worn foot-path. Tall and beautiful trees stand on either side. Their branches meet

overhead. As we look along down the road, the smooth trunks of the trees seem to stand side by side like pillars in an immense Gothic building. Their branches, meeting, look like the arch in some grand church, grander than any that man has ever built.

It is said that the first builders of what are called Gothic cathedrals aimed to copy the effects which we here observe. Truly the likeness is there, as any child may see. When the first builders were told to turn from making castles and towers to building places of worship, they could think of no plan more fitting than that which nature had spread before them. And so, we find, all over Germany and England and other countries of northern Europe, the style of building known as "Gothic," with many pillars at the side, and with high-pointing and gracefully curving arches overhead.

Through the trees we look out upon a valley of brown and green fields, with here and there an old farm house and stable, the two walled together. An arched gateway admits one to the little court. At night when the high gate is locked, the farmer sleeps with little or no fear that thieves may break through and steal, for the walls are high as the roof and big spikes bristle and stand out from the top of the wall.

Upon the hillside beyond are large villas or country homes, which remind the traveler of rural scenes in Italy.



Through the woods near by we see a stone tower, and on beyond a small stone castle, built to look like the larger castles and towers hundreds of years old which are to be found in many parts of Germany.

But, look ahead! See that crowd of men, women and children, walking fast as they can walk toward the city! And listen! What does it mean? First an old man utters a sentence in an unknown tongue, and then they altogether make response. Will they keep silence as they pass us? No; they glance at us, as they might at a tree, or at a horse in the road; and then, resuming their far-away look, they take up their recitative again and are soon far down the road. The murmur of voices becomes fainter and fainter. Scarcely is it lost in the distance, when we observe a mother and three children trudging along down the wooded hill. The mother is reciting and the children are responding. We are now come to the foot of the hill. A strange murmur of voices comes from the heights as though the forest were haunted, and unseen beings were repeating some conjuration. The sound grows louder, and soon upon the roadway appear some fifteen or twenty women and three or four men, and their vigorous responses come to our ears with startling force.

Meantime, the mother and her children have grouped themselves in front of the large crucifix which stands where two ways meet. As we pass, they are looking up at the figure of Christ upon the cross, and, with hands clasped, are praying aloud. The low tones they utter are drowned in the loud responses of the women trudging down the hill.

We afterwards learn that this is a Holy Day of the Church, and there has been a pilgrimage from the city to a little chapel in the village of Morsenet on the Belgian border, and these are groups and families of devotees returning home.

We leave the road. A foot-path leads us along the edge of the wood. Upon our left are the black fir trees tipped with green. To the right, through the branches of trees of second growth, we look down

into a valley through which a small stream glides.

Beyond are the Belgian hills, a spur of the Ardennes mountains. Their gray-blue summits seem like the upper rim of an immense cloud that has settled down upon the earth.

We next take the road leading up the mountain. From beyond a bend in the road comes a sound that reminds us of a wild goose. The bicycles in this country have, instead of a bell, an alarm which resembles the honk of a wild goose. There, far up the long, steep hill comes a young man riding a safety bicycle. He seems to fly! A moment ago he was there, at the turn of the road at the top of the hill. Now he is flying past us! But that short curve just below — can he make it? It appears beyond the power of any one riding so fast. He surely will be thrown headlong down the steep hill at the left! But — no, the bicycle curves gracefully to the right — and we breathe freely again. Just as we are about to resume our tramp up the hill, a crash is heard, followed by the shrill cry of "Oh!" "Ach!" from one of two young ladies seated upon a bench at the turn in the road. Running back we see the youth sprawling upon the ground under his bicycle. He is a gallant young German, and, without showing that he is hurt, he jumps up, remounts his bicycle and is soon well on his way to the foot of the mountain. We learn from the young ladies that after having made the splendid turn he lifted his cap to them and as he did so the fast-moving wheel suddenly veered far to the left where the road-bed slopes the wrong way, — and the gravelly road did the rest. The youth may still be rubbing his knee and thinking of his triumph and fall, that day on Carlshöhe!

At the next turn in the road we see a forester, or forest guard, (*waldhüter*), marching up and down, wearing a big oilcloth hat, a greenish black suit of clothes and great boots. Fastened to his belt is a hatchet, and he carries something in his hand behind him that we are almost sure is a revolver. He eyes us

closely. Suppose he were to kill us here alone in the woods, who would know it? Or, who would refuse to believe any story he might choose to tell? But the man touches his hat with as much respect as though we were princes, and in silence resumes his pace.

We are now upon a wooded plateau, nearly level. A long walk in a wide path through the woods near the road brings us to a resting place at which another waldhüter has been posted. We here look southward far down over the forest into a green valley in the center of which a little pond shines like silver. White villas and whitewashed brick farm houses, green fields and plowed fields, groves and tree-lined country roads are spread before us — a restful scene upon which the gaze lingers long. We talk with the waldhüter but he can tell us little except that yonder hills to the south and east are the Eiffel mountains, that there is constant danger of fire in the woods he is guarding because the weather is so dry, and that he had a lively time of it last Thursday putting out a fire which caught in the forest below.

We now take the drive-way to Kronprinzrast. It is only ten minutes' walk to the spot. It is the highest point on the mountain. On its rocky summit is a high platform reached by rude steps. Upon the platform marches back and forth another guard. We stop to read an inscription painted upon a huge boulder that stands at the foot of the stairway. It informs us, in German, that on the 5th day of July, 1885, Frederick Wilhelm, Crown Prince of Prussia, rested on this spot on his ride from Aachen (the German name for the city of Aix la Chapelle) to Montjoie (a resort a few hours' ride away).

The waldhüter touches his hat quite as respectfully as when the Crown Prince himself approached him. I am sure of this for no man could be more respectful.

His smile invites us, and we are soon looking out upon a scene not easily pictured in words. Paying little attention to the man's well-learned lesson — the name of this dorf (village) and that stadt (city), of domkirche (cathedral) and kirche (church), tuchfabrik (cloth mill), eisenfabrik (rolling mill), etc., — we look and look, and are lost in looking upon the beauty of the scene. The dual city of Aachen and Burtscheid, to the north, seems to have nestled down into the lower part of the valley.

On beyond, dimly seen through the haze, are a score or more of country villages, their church spires and their immense smoke stacks telling us, who are miles away, that God is worshiped there and that the worshipers are not idle dreamers but everyday workers.

Lousberg and Salvatorsberg stand like guards over the city. On the one hill is the old church of St. Salvator, itself a pleasing picture as it stands out against the sky. Upon the other, almost hid among the trees, stands the Belvidere, a large rotunda in and about which many a free concert is held during the summer, late spring and early fall.

Over the scene is spread the glory of the setting sun. From hundreds of windows in the distant city the golden light glances back to us, and in the delight of the moment we repeat the words of the waldhüter: "Es ist wunderschön!" It is wondrously beautiful!

We go down from the scene feeling deeply the glory of the place and the inspiration of the time.

Closely coupled with German love of the beautiful is German good living, and ten minutes later we are seated at a table in the pretty restaurant and concert garden about half way up Carlshöhe, enjoying a lunch and listening to the lively chatter of a party of young people from the city who, like ourselves, are out for a little seven or eight mile walk.



## HOME THEMES.

### HOW SHALL WE EDUCATE OUR GIRLS?

BY EVA PAULL VAN SLYKE.

It may seem superfluous to ask attention to so hackneyed a subject as the Education of Woman. Scarcely any other theme has occupied as large a place in the attention of the public for the last twenty-five years. Surely no other subject can be more vitally interesting to mothers than "the best way to educate our girls." We have had clamors for identical education of women and men, pleas for co-education, and tirades against the frivolity of the education given to girls in fashionable schools. We have had discussions of the comparative intellectual capacity of men and women and of physical fitness, or unfitness, of girls for university work. Twenty-five years of costly experiment ought to have shown us the best way, but so important has the subject become that we are not quite satisfied with any of the types we have obtained.

When Lucy Stone began her search after knowledge, there was but one college open to her; now there are hundreds. We now have co-education, the woman's college, and the university annex. Each has its advantages. The question is no longer "Are girls worth educating?" but "What education is worth most to them?"

A large majority of our girls and boys study together as children; they work together as men and women in all the important affairs of life. Why should they be separated for only the four years of advanced study?

In my time in college, our little group of girls among the army of young men felt that the fate of our sex hung upon proving that girls' minds are particularly absorptive of the calculus and metaphysics. Now, the girls outnumber the boys in many colleges, and instructors have grown accustomed to their presence and

their ability, and no longer show surprise if a girl leads her class in chemistry or mathematics. But whether a girl's education be carried on inside a men's college, in the women's college outside it, or in the annex beside it, matters little, if only mothers and fathers will concede that education is a right of personality and not of sex.

It has taken the world a long time to get away from Sidney Smith's idea, "If a woman were suffered to eat of the tree of knowledge, the rest of the family would certainly be reduced to the same kind of aerial diet." It was no cynic, but the sweet-spirited Fénelon who taught that contact with learning would be almost as fatal to womanly delicacy as contact with vice. It was Voltaire who said that ideas are like beards, women and young men have none. It is only a little while since a philosophical lecturer declared that "Women, if educated, will cease to be sympathetic; they will be cultured but not self-denying." He reasoned that they would lack a thousand nameless graces and charms of manner which uneducated women are supposed to possess!

Quite recently it was demonstrated by experiment that the average woman's brain weighs five ounces less than the average man's brain; but at the time the *Nineteenth Century* published this learned article to convince the world of woman's mental inferiority, an American girl, Miss Ramsay, a student in one of the colleges at Cambridge, was passing her examinations, and it turned out that she distanced all the men in the university in the race for classical honors. A London paper said that Miss Ramsay had done in four years what would take most of her competitors fourteen years to do,—and it ought to be mentioned that the young lady was in the best of health all the time.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the purpose of education is to fit the recipient for life, and education which does not

accomplish this, or does it imperfectly, is defective. The highest motive of life is the development of our individual endowments.

What knowledge, what skill, what intellectual and physical training do our daughters need? What teaching shall we give to the girls who are to bring up the next generation of Americans? It is a question of the highest moment. Upon the answer which this generation gives to it depend the welfare and happiness of the generations to come. No man or woman who has a daughter to bring to womanhood, or a son to be mated with a young woman of the future, can afford to treat it lightly. The greatest factor in the development of a child is motive. A boy is taught from the beginning that to be dependent is unmanly. Every reputable man has his own way to make in the world, while we allow our girls to feel that somebody will take care of them—always—first the father, then the husband. Our expectations are all for the boys, none for the girls. Mothers, did you ever think what an injustice this is to your little girl, what an advantage it is to your boy? Many a boy in our American homes learns early in life that his developed faculties will be his only capital—his stock in trade; while the girl learns, just as early in life, that the world neither asks nor expects anything of her but to wait, to be agreeable, to look pretty and to be a little lady! Women represent the leisure class and it is all wrong. Boys, when they come in contact with the world, are sure to get leveling enough, but a girl remains a sort of queen in her father's house till she becomes queen in that of her husband. This certainty of recognition, which every boy feels, is the greatest incentive to his well-doing,—and did you ever think what a discouragement the lack of it is to a girl?

Early home training and education should be alike for our boys and our girls—one standard of right and wrong for both. The mother commits the vulgarity herself, who overlooks in her son what she would not pardon in her daughter. Many a mother makes the mistake of requiring

her little girl to put her hat in its proper place, while she permits her boy to throw his in the corner. Would that I could make obsolete that pet phrase of many a mother, who has exhausted her resources in the discipline of her boy,—“Well, I suppose boys must be boys!” We commit a crime in uttering such a sentiment in the presence of our boy, who ought to be taught that the rules of conduct which govern his actions are those which govern his sister's.

We must teach our girls that the greatest happiness and good in this life is the result of usefulness, not adornment of person. Far too many of our little girls are taught that “to be a little lady” is the *one* desirable thing. “My dear, be a little lady” and “don't soil your white apron” fall on their ears so often that they soon begin to think of their clothes and how they look in them, and what others think of them; and then the sweet *naivete* of childhood is gone and vanity takes its place,—or, worse still, the dear girl, who should early be taught to realize the great possibilities of her womanhood, begins to wish she had been born a boy.

I would not disparage or make light of this sort of instruction to a certain extent. “To be a lady” is a most desirable attainment, as all will concede who recall that delightful lecture of Ruskin; but surely it ought to be a result which follows all the other training, not the one aim of a girl's life. I wish that mothers and teachers would allow their girls to run and romp and make a noise, just as freely as they do their boys. It takes all the spirit out of a girl to be hushed up all the time—suppressed. She can't think great thoughts if she is thinking of self.

I wish my little girl to feel that it is far more discreditable to have a second-rate idea than it is to wear a last year's hat or an old-fashioned gown.

It is best to teach our girls that every faculty must be developed to its highest activity, just as we do our boys, and to give our boys, as well as our girls, a knowledge of the domestic virtues, cleanliness, order and courtesy.

Boys should know before their first day at school how to respect the rights of others; to be civil to their mates; to be obedient and punctual and to bear themselves courteously at all times. I have an acquaintance with a small boy who, after a few days at school, asked to be placed at another table in the kindergarten. He said the boys were rough at his table, and when asked what the boys did, he said "they spit on the floor." Men—gentlemen of alleged highest culture—place placards on the walls of their club-rooms "Do not spit on the floor." This is a consequence of their early training. It will never be necessary to place such placards on the walls of a woman's club-room. How shameful and how humiliating to the mothers of these sons who brought them up on the theory that "boys must be boys!" Our boys must be taught at home the doctrine of "*noblesse oblige*." Teach them to serve instead of being served, and they will the more easily fall into serving their community and the world.

If the home training be right for our boys and girls, who are to be the fathers and mothers of the next generation, there will soon be a marked difference in public opinion on many subjects. Society will no longer extend the hand of welcome to a fallen man while she ostracizes the fallen woman. The world will measure each one by his true worth, regardless of sex, and man will no longer expect to find higher moral character than he himself brings to the marriage relation.

What better motive can be urged upon a girl, when she goes away to school, than a career of usefulness! Let her know that there is something for her to do in the world and she will make and improve opportunities for culture. This is a plea for a business instead of an æsthetic education. Form for a young girl a habit of earning money, and you give her a life-long advantage.

It is our creed that occupation is necessary to happiness. Someone has said that "happiness cannot be bought by the bottle; it cannot be put on with any robe or jewels. It does not exist in excite-

ment or ownership." It comes to each of us with the use of all our faculties of body and mind. Then why not educate our girls to be self-supporting, as we do our boys? It is a humiliating fact that the upper classes, so far as wealth and society go, do not give their girls so good an education as those who are not impeded and restrained by the current opinion of the times.

The unwritten constitution of the upper classes declares that *their* daughters do not need the practical. *They* will be provided for. They teach their daughters how to dress, how to entertain, how to follow the fashion.

I actually know of a man who presented his daughter at a girl's school which published in its catalogue "where only wealthy daughters go," and requested that she be finished. When asked what course he wished his daughter to pursue, looking over the list, he said: "Mathematics? No, none at all; she will have no occasion to use mathematics. Natural science? No, too dry; she will not be interested in science. Greek and Latin? No, no occasion for the dead languages. History? Well, yes, a little history. Literature? Yes, a little literature. She will not be able to talk well unless she has a few facts in history and a knowledge of the principal writers. French and German? Yes, she ought to have French and German; enough to ask for what she needs if she should travel abroad, and then I do like to hear a lady in conversation use now and then a French phrase or a German quotation. It indicates culture." And so on through the curriculum. This father, who passed for a highly educated and cultured gentleman, wished that teacher to do an impossible thing. He wished his daughter to shine in the most cultured society; to be able to converse well; to write a good letter,—in fact to be perfectly irresistible in her social life, to do credit to her father, and secure a desirable husband. He did not remember that through all the long past there have been but four or five such women who have had the world at their feet, and *they*



did not attain their position in the way he had marked out for *his* daughter. It requires something more than a smattering of music and art, one or two half-learned modern languages, a little history and a little literature, to produce a Sappho, an Aspasia, a De Stael, or a Recamier.

Every faculty must be developed to its highest activity to attain the highest culture.

On the other side of the water, where estates descend from one generation to the next, there is some stability in riches and the daughters are provided for beyond the possibility of failure; but what a delusion in this land of ours to say that our daughters are provided for! Witness the failures all along the line. The possession of wealth in America is one of the most uncertain things in life. A man rich yesterday is penniless to-day, and his children, whose future seemed radiant with the sunshine of prosperity, may in a few short months be suffering for the necessities of life.

A time *may* come in every girl's life when she will be facing the reality of the question, "What shall I do to earn money?" Is it not cruelty then to educate our girls in an aimless way? Why not prepare them for just this emergency? Why not be ready for the proverbial rainy day?

It is not a question of putting *all* our girls through college; not one of co-education. The girl must be put in possession of herself. Self-control which is of inestimable value to girls can best be acquired by the discipline of college life. The subjects which they study and the form in which they are taught are not of so much importance as that *they* be the judges of their own needs, just as boys are. Help them to get the college education if they need it, and after that a thorough knowledge of some art or business or profession. How many vocations can now be found outside the profession of teaching that will be congenial and lucrative!

When the demand is great enough, I believe that industrial schools will be established in connection with our girl's colleges, where the girl can be trained in

the practical details of any particular industry for which she has an aptitude. Wherever training schools have been opened, in St. Louis, Toledo, Chicago, St. Paul, Quincy, New York City, and many other cities, they are steadily growing in popularity and usefulness, and the necessity for them is shown in the large number of young men and young women who flock to their doors. The educational department of the Young Women's Christian Association in New York City graduated four hundred in one year from its industrial department, most of whom were graduates from public schools, but found themselves helpless as babies for the real work of life. If our law-makers had a knowledge of real political economy, every ward in the city would have an industrial school. Those now in operation have certainly demonstrated that when the brain and the hand work well together there is neither room nor time for vicious thought or action.

It is a primitive idea that labor is more degrading to woman than to man. It will take public opinion a long time to come round to this practical view of a girl's education, but it will come quicker and easier than came the idea of a girl having a college education at all. Women themselves have been the strongest objectors. Every woman knows this to be the truth. Women have been mistaken in regard to the supposed effect on the manners and demeanor of the sex. The picture in their minds of the type of woman produced by higher education was not agreeable to the fancy of either man or woman. As they saw her, she was undomestic in her habits, unfeminine in her tastes, wearing spectacles and carrying an umbrella, having a family of neglected children and a miserable husband at home. But that picture has been destroyed. Time has proven that the broader view a woman gets of life, in other words the more complete her education is, the more agreeable and interesting she can make herself. Professor Drummond said last summer in one of his short speeches in Chicago, "Woman's kingdom has come,



with perhaps too little observation, for the development of the strength of character and intellect in woman by this higher education has not impaired the finer feminine qualities, but has increased her usefulness and influence in the promotion of pleasure and happiness, in society and in the home."

It is interesting to trace the power of these time-honored opinions regarding the sphere of woman as found in the plans of the earlier institutions. Vassar, the first fully endowed institution for the collegiate instruction of girls, presents a very different curriculum to-day from its first one. The opening of Vassar college in 1865 marks an era, an event second to none of all the memorable events of that historic time. Its projectors laid much stress upon the domestic, home influences that would be exerted. Students were to be surrounded by softening and elevating influences lest they might degenerate into barbarism. It was assumed that the students would not be looking to the learned professions like men, and many arguments were advanced against the usual order of college studies, a four year's course, etc. It was purposed to follow the order of nature; to make provision for a diversity of tastes, aptitudes and inclinations. In other words the faculty would avoid a curriculum which would do violence to a girl's nature. But with age comes wisdom; the first admission examinations showed that the education of girls at that time was confused, superficial and undisciplined. The girls were in earnest, but they did not know what they needed. At the end of the first year, college opinion was all one way; professors and students realized that the only way was to set up and maintain a high standard and to submit to the same strict tests required in the boys' colleges. Vassar was followed by Wellesley and Smith in 1875, and Bryn Mawr in 1885. In those twenty years were opened the four women's colleges which are the richest in endowment and in students of any in the world. These four colleges to-day have over twenty-five hundred students.

The impression prevails that the literary and classical course leads in popularity in women's colleges; but each of these colleges mentioned has developed and educated a great many women in special lines of work, in the sciences; especially has biology proven a most fascinating study for women.

Johns Hopkins University, a most conservative institution, has recently awarded its highest honor, the degree of Bachelor of Philosophy, to Miss Florence Bascom. The faculty strenuously opposed her admission at first, but she had already received four degrees from the Wisconsin University and, finally, she was admitted. When her case came up for a degree, there was not one dissenting voice in that same faculty. She has chosen Petrology for her specialty and Bryn Mawr offered her a chair, if she would go abroad and study two years more, but she declined it and decided to put her energies to the bread-winning test at once. She is not yet thirty years old, and she occupies a position in the Ohio State University.

College-bred women are employed as computers in the observatories at Harvard and Yale and in the government bureau at Washington. One by one the great universities are opening their doors to women, and what a grand success it has proven!

In the face of all this evidence we cannot believe that nature has placed before women any constitutional barrier to a collegiate life. Observation shows that the work of a full college course is favorable to bodily health; the regularity of life, the satisfaction of attainment, the pleasant companionship, and the general broadening of the girl-nature will be beneficial. College life profoundly influences the life of the student; it enlarges the vision and disciplines the powers and prepares the girl for *real* education, which comes after her school days are over. The statement is often made that college training is of no avail when a woman does not strive to place herself among the world's notable women, but that is a one-sided opinion. The home, the glory of the American na-

tion, like the triumphal arch in Paris, is the center from which all roads lead outward. It is the place where the deepest theories and the most careful teaching may be realized.

All a woman's college training and study may be put to the *practical* test, if she has children to bring up. No other place in the world needs this broad culture so much as the home. The child is like the plant; if we would rear it to perfection, we must fertilize the soil which produces it. If it acquires its first bent upon barren soil, it avails little to transplant it to a garden.

There is a delusion that, with most men, ignorance is woman's greatest charm. A man may not like his wife or his sister to display more knowledge than he himself has, but every man does like intellectual sympathy. The most conservative man's ideal of woman requires above all that she be charming; that she should please, and there is something absurd in the notion that education will interfere with this ideal.

A college graduate is usually well-informed. If she be well-informed, she will know how to take care of her own body; she will know why bread just out of the oven is unwholesome, and why tea should not be boiled. She will know that her chamber should be well ventilated before she goes to sleep. She will also have had her leading aptitude encouraged and developed, whether it be for cooking, sewing, painting, music, medicine, law, teaching, nursing, designing or writing, and consequently she will be self-reliant and equipped for self-support; and whatever be her talent, that must be her weapon in the battle of life. She does not *necessarily* become a teacher or a professional, but with this sort of an education there will be little danger of her rushing into matrimony before she is prepared for the responsibilities it entails. She would not need to look to any one for support, and she would be more apt to wait for the right man to appear. While it is popular to educate our girls, public opinion is not yet right on the subject, or

we would not find the amount of money given to girl's colleges so pitifully small. The endowment of all the girls' colleges put together does not equal that of Harvard alone, and it is because the people do not quite believe in them. Our girls' colleges are too expensive for the class which most needs them. They must be brought within the reach of the great middle class, where the truest and sweetest type of the American girl is found to-day; in the home where comforts, not luxuries, are found, and this can only be done by liberal endowment.

Let us teach our girl, then, that her education is not thrown away, if she should choose to quietly settle down after graduation to be the guide of a home circle. She may be a greater benefactor than one who becomes famous through scientific discovery. The study and practical care of the needs and comforts of a home and the education of children is the highest and grandest opportunity yet afforded to woman. The world may take care of itself, but the home cannot. Let the girl grow naturally, as we do the boy, and give her the benefit of the broadening influence of public spirit and responsibility. Let her have a share in all these widening circles of duty in the home, and then we shall see her reaching the highest type of womanhood, competent to meet any demands that may be made upon her.

Higher education for boys, as well as girls, must mean to the conscientious thinker a new ideal of moral as well as mental training. The greatest need of our republic to-day is a higher standard of morality for her citizens. History records the fall of many a republic. It is not higher education in the narrow sense that will save ours from the same fate, but our future law-maker must learn at the mother's knee that right is right, and wrong is wrong, in politics and government as well as in business. Who knows how great and good a race of men may yet arise, from the framing hand of mothers enlightened by this higher education, to defend our liberties, to enforce our laws and raise our republic above the possibility of downfall!

## DEUTERONOMY.

BY ARTHUR NICHOLS HOWELL.

THE city editor dropped the last batch of copy into the little wire basket at his side. He leaned back in his chair, yawned once or twice and then relit his cigar. It was barely midnight, but copy had been coming unusually "easy." The sultry, uneventful evening was beginning to tell on even the energetic city editor.

Through the open door which led to the local room the reporters could be seen lounging about in those various and original attitudes which only reporters of experience can assume. Presently one of them walked across the room and raised the cover of the exchange editor's large waste basket. A lean and altogether disreputable-appearing cat jumped out. The reporter was used to such barbaric evidences of the copy boy's recent presence. It was not a new thing in the *Times* office to find this cat entombed in waste baskets or in desk drawers, or even in the small mail-boxes of the men. The reporter began his search for some favorite exchange, and the cat walked deliberately to the door of the city editor's room and looked in.

The cat was ordinary only in that it possessed the traditional nine lives. This was proven conclusively shortly after the copy boy of the *Times* first stole him from the copy boy of the *Press* across the street. In all other respects the cat was thoroughly original. The patience, and even dignity, with which he accepted the inevitable, was remarkable. This characteristic had, no doubt, been acquired through long association with copy boys. It was what first attracted the attention of the men in the office.

In time the cat came to have a recognized position there. He became thoroughly Bohemian in his tastes—Bohemian to such an extent that he could live on the

three or four quarts of milk which the men bought for him on Saturday night, and then fast the remainder of the week. That is, the church editor said he fasted. The copy boy thought otherwise; he said the beast lived on paste. The copy boy gauged his opinion of the men in the office by the promptness they displayed in their weekly payments for shines, and by the assignments they covered. The church editor, in the estimation of the copy boy, was "no good"—hence this difference of opinion.

The church editor was assigned to his especial department because he had read the Bible. He had a theory that cats were highly spiritual. When the copy boy would apply a large brush full of office paste to the cat's left eye, and then hold his head near the steam-heater until the paste dried, the church editor would quote long passages from favorite sermons on Christian fortitude. When for days the cat cheerfully went about with the use of but one eye, the church editor would point to him with pride as the embodiment of a divine spirit. The church editor had spent the best part of his life on a morning newspaper. His experience of recent years had consisted in boiling down sermons and interviewing sextons concerning factional quarrels in churches.

Well, the cat stood in the doorway a moment, and then jumped onto the city editor's desk. The city editor looked at him listlessly, and began poking him with a lead pencil. It was the ability of the cat to make these high jumps that so endeared him to the sporting editor. It was the sporting editor who had named the cat. He did it, he said, out of respect for the church editor, which was something unusual, for the sporting editor shared, in a measure, the copy boy's dislike for the church editor.

One night, the sporting editor came into the office with a story that almost turned his head. Two of the deacons of the Zion Colored Church had indulged in a fistic encounter over the letting of a contract for painting the church. The sporting editor heard of the occurrence, and, as there had been no base-ball game that day, he made a prize-fight out of it. He argued that the participants in the affair would be only too glad to see their names in print, and that there was little danger of their taking exception to the way in which they were handled. Any way, in the event of their doing so, it would be the church editor who would have to explain matters. The sporting editor "spread" on the story. After he had turned it in he walked over to the church editor's desk and inquired, "How're churches coming on?"

The church editor was compiling a column of "Sunday notices," and responded very tersely to this unusual exhibition of interest on the part of the sporting editor. The cat was perched on the desk, looking on with what the church editor considered to be a very interested expression.

"That cat needs a name," said the sporting editor suddenly. He walked into the managing editor's office, and took from the library a copy of the Bible. He turned the pages back and forth for some time, and finally announced authoritatively that in the future the cat would be known as "Deuteronomy." The sporting editor was the son of a minister. That is the reason why he and the church editor never could agree as to the significance of the name.

Between the copy boy of the *Times* and the urchin who bore that title on the *Press*, Deuteronomy would have found it difficult to determine which was his worse enemy. The fight between the two papers for exclusive news was strong, and at times even bitter; and the copy boys fought over the cat.

Deuteronomy took it all philosophically, and when life became absolutely unbearable in one office, he would go

across the street and live for a time in the other. These changes of residence oftentimes numbered more than the days on the calendar. So much for Deuteronomy's past.

The city editor leaned back in his chair and lighted another cigar. Across the hall the night editor could be heard above the ticking of the telegraph instruments, calling for the copy boy.

"Har-a-y!" No answer.

"Har-a-y!"

Still silence, and presently, in a louder and decidedly snappy tone, "Harry!"

The night editor's nerves always were troublesome after midnight. At last he stepped into the city editor's room for the copy himself. Harry had gone for some lunch for one of the reporters.

"Local yet for the first page?" asked the night editor shortly, picking up the copy in the basket.

"Nothing yet," answered the city editor. "Bicknell is out on a wire-tapping story. Everybody else is up."

"Think I'll run Kelly's feature on the new flower market," said the night editor, as if undecided what to do, looking at the copy in his hand.

"Yes, I don't think we'll have anything else," said the city editor slowly, assisting the cat to disengage his foot from a wedding invitation to which it was stuck fast. Deuteronomy had been in the paste again. The night editor hurried back to his desk.

A moment later the managing editor locked the door of his office and went home. On the stairs he passed Harry, coming up with a package of sandwiches under his arm. The managing editor scowled, and said nothing, but the copy boy knew he had been found wanting again.

"Told you he'd want me," he said mournfully, handing the sandwiches to the reporter.

"Thought I told you not to get mustard on these," said the reporter, petulantly.

"Well, I told 'em not to put it on," answered the boy, washing his hands of the whole affair.

"Yes, I suppose you did—hand me that paper knife." The copy boy obeyed with aggravating slowness, and the reporter scraped the objectionable mustard away.

"Well, didn't you get any change?" he continued, at last.

"Loan me a dime fer car fare," pleaded the copy boy, reaching down into his pocket.

"I think *not*. You need exercise." The copy boy surrendered the change.

"Youse fellows are dead slow," he said, after a short silence. The reporter was accustomed to this freedom of expression, so he took a bite of his sandwich and said nothing.

"Youse are slow 'cause yer scooped bad." Reportorial dignity was proof against even this suggestion of calamity. The copy boy evidently was bent on having it out, however.

He continued patronizingly, "Now, youse needn't think I'm tryin' to string yer, 'cause I happen to know the *Press* has got a big one on yer. *Three columns!*" And he held three very dirty digits under the reporter's nose.

The reporter looked at the fingers and then at the copy boy, pityingly. The city editor in the next room heard the remark, however, and stepped to the door. "What's that?" he said sharply.

"Oh, it's straight," the copy boy asserted, not at all disconcerted by the city editor's tone. And then he went on slowly, and with an air of assumed indifference, to tell how he had met "that bum copy boy on the *Press*" in the restaurant where he was getting the sandwiches; how the usual pleasantries over the ownership of the cat had been indulged in, and how, as a parting shot, the "kid" had "squealed" that he heard his city editor tell the night editor to "save three columns for an exclusive that will prove very salty to some people."

The city editor winced. He was awakened from his lethargy. He knew the information volunteered by the copy boy was not the most authentic, but city editors are not accustomed to ignore even

the slightest intimation of a "scoop." He went back to his desk and gave Deuteronomy a push that sent him sprawling upon the floor.

"Get Central Police Station for me," he called to the reporter who was eating the sandwiches. The copy boy grinned. The reporter laid his sandwich on the desk and walked to the telephone.

"Don't youse wish you'd loaned me that dime?" whispered the copy boy.

The reporter muttered something about breaking somebody's back.

Presently the city editor could be heard talking to the police reporter over the telephone. "Hello, that you, Joe? Anything new? Yes, I got that,—but say, the *Press* has a big exclusive to-night. I'd keep my eyes op—yes,—yes,—yes, I know,—Joe, you haven't been scooped in a month; but I don't want them to slip up on you—yes—all right, good-bye."

The city editor rang off and turned to a group of the younger reporters, who had quietly engaged in a game of "seven-up." "Now you fellows get out and skirmish," he said. "See if we can't beat them out of their scoop."

The men began to put on their coats slowly. "Any particular place?" ventured one.

"No, just keep your eyes open."

The men walked out of the office and down stairs. When they reached the street, they all, with one accord, "skirmished" to an all-night restaurant near by. The routine men were quietly sent out to visit again those many sources of information known to newspapers. Every precaution was taken, but without success. The hands of the office clock had moved slowly around until they marked the beginning of that half-hour of nervous tension in the early morning, when the work of the night is quickly gathered together and embodied into—a newspaper. The irregular tick-tick of the telegraph instruments across the hall, which had gone on unremittingly all the evening, had stopped. Only occasionally could it be heard as some late message was received.



Below, the stereotypers were working in the deafening din of their hammers and saws and the machinery around them, silently, almost as if their lives depended upon their speed, preparing the heavy plates for the giant presses. The squeak of the belts could be heard at times, as the cylinders were turned into position to receive the curved plates.

The night editor was back and forth between his desk and the composing room upstairs a dozen times in as many minutes. Everything was anticipation—even the slight breeze that had been coming through the windows had ceased, as if waiting for "press time." In the local room it was all different. Apprehension had given place to despair. The city editor sat with his feet on his desk, in gloomy silence. The agony entailed by a scoop is measured on the paper victimized by the space it covers in the rival paper.

The copy boy came in with a bunch of late proofs. "Did youse see the cat?" he inquired.

The city editor pushed the proofs away and did not answer. The boy went to the outer door and opened it, but was not quick enough to catch Deuteronomy, as he sprang past and took refuge under the city editor's chair. The copy boy endeavored to rout him out with a column rule.

"Let that cat alone," growled the city editor. The copy boy obeyed reluctantly and kept his place so as to catch the animal as soon as he ventured out. Deuteronomy, as if aware of the protection he had received, jumped on the desk in front of the city editor. He bore the familiar marks of a recent visit to the *Press* office. Pasted carefully around his body, so as to leave visible only his head, legs and tail, was an armor of ordinary writing paper. On each side was written in the unskilled chirography of the copy boy of the *Press*, the words, "Don't monkey with the *Press* cat." The city editor smiled in spite of himself.

The city editor took his paper knife and slowly, and with some difficulty, re-

leased Deuteronomy from his armature. Deuteronomy, glad of his freedom, scampered away, and the city editor crumpled the paper up in his hands and then, for the want of something better to do, smoothed it out again with his paper knife. The paper was such as is provided by hotels for their guests. At the top was an engraving of the largest and most expensive hotel of the city. The city editor studied this aimlessly for a moment, and then glanced further down.

This is what he read:

*Mr. Cary: Senator Ebbitt met President Cole here to-night and closed the sale of the Southern Ry. Cole leaves for Chicago on the Limited. I will see the Senator. This is exclusive. Drake.*

The note fluttered in the city editor's hand a moment. He was slow in collecting his senses. Cary was city editor of the *Press*, and Drake was one of his reporters. The note evidently had been thrown into the waste basket by the city editor of the *Press*, and the copy boy had found it there. The city editor read the note a second time. He turned the arrow on the call-box above his desk while he was reading. Then he arose quickly and snatched his coat and hat from a nail near by. A word with the night editor and he hurried down stairs, slipping into his coat as he went. He sprang into the cab before it had touched the curb, calling to the driver, "Grand Hotel—quick!"

"Is Senator Ebbitt here?" inquired the city editor of the drowsy night clerk.

"Senator Ebbitt, let me see," said the clerk, running his finger down the list of names on the register.

The city editor glanced at the clock. It was almost two. He knew it would be useless to ask to have his card sent up to the Senator at that hour.

"He's in '138'" said the clerk.

"Thanks," said the city editor, turning quickly away. He walked through the ladies' entrance and sprang up the broad stairway to the second floor. The corridor was deserted, and he found "138" without much difficulty. He knocked cautiously on the door.

Luckily the Senator was easily awak-



ened. "What's wanted?" he asked, in the tone of a man accustomed to interruption at all hours.

The city editor stooped to the key-hole. "Senator, this is the city editor of the *Times* talking. Only a matter of the greatest import"—the Senator was used to newspaper men, so he interrupted, "Oh! glad to see you; just wait a moment and I'll admit you."

A few hours later, as the Senator sped eastward in his private car, he read in the *Daily Times* how, as the head of a great

eastern railway corporation, he had met the head of a smaller corporation in the lobby of the Grand Hotel, and how, after that meeting, the greater and the lesser companies became one.

Both the *Times* and the *Press* had the story. That in the *Press* covered three columns of space, but that in the *Times* was by far the more accurate.

The church editor always maintained that Deuteronomy was inspired that night, but the copy boy said that it was paste that did it.



## TO SPRING.

Coy Maid,  
Be unafraid;  
The snow  
Went long ago,  
And Earth  
Yearns for the birth  
Of flowers  
And sunnier hours.

The Frost  
Earth's love hath lost;  
The wind  
Suits not her mind;  
Her care  
Is for the fair;  
Toward Thee  
Her yearnings be.

Hear, Thou,—  
Upon whose brow  
A green  
Fresh wreath is seen,  
Whose hand  
Can bless the land,—  
She calls  
From vacant halls:

"All mine  
I make as thine;  
Spread o'er  
The ground once more  
Thy hues;  
Thy greens and blues,  
And red,  
With white well wed.

"The trees  
Thy will shall please,  
And wear  
Thy verdure fair;  
And all  
That doth befall  
Shall be  
For thine and thee."

The brooks  
Laugh from their nooks;  
White clouds,  
In happy crowds,  
Fly far  
Without a bar;  
And new  
Soft skies are blue.

E'en man  
With hope doth scan  
The signs,  
And well divines  
Thee near;  
He maketh cheer,  
And sings,  
"The time is Spring's!"

'Come, then,  
To earth and men!  
Beguile  
All with thy smile;  
Make sweet  
The days, and meet;  
And bring  
Thy birds that sing!

William Francis Barnard.

## FORM STUDY AS A FACTOR IN EDUCATION.

BY MARY A. KIRKUP.

WHAT is the real object of education?

Is it not to cultivate the powers of attention, perception and retention, to broaden and awaken thought, to deepen and strengthen the character? The fundamental object of Form Study is to cultivate the powers of perception, the ability to observe. Perception involves the centers of attention, and the ability to perceive means the ability to attend to the subject in hand. Perception has been called a presentative, re-presentative process. Observation is regulated perception. To learn to use the senses in the best way, so as to gain a store of lucid impressions, is to lay the foundation for a wide and correct knowledge of the world. Sully, the great psychologist, says: "A habit of close inspection presupposes a certain measure of familiarity with things, and a certain depth of interest which only comes of daily companionship with them, and which the study of form most perfectly cultivates; a nice perception of form is only gained in connection with the devices of manual training. The vast importance of a fine perception of form may suggest that every child should undergo a systematic training of the eye in this particular." The study of form and drawing is one of the surest ways to this fine perception, this wide and accurate knowledge of the world we live in.

The first step to be taken in this study of form and drawing is the gaining of a knowledge of objects. Touch and sight are the greatest sources of knowledge; touch and sight reveal to us the space qualities of bodies, their figure and size. Touch is an important factor in perception, especially in early life. The very first agreeable sensation the "planetary foundling" may be said to have is one of touch. In this he finds life and the satisfaction of his need. From that time he is testing all things by this earliest sensation. Ob-

servation of the ways of blind children shows that tactile impressions of things can be highly cultivated,—developed to a wonderful degree. Touch is the most direct mode of perception, and yet, until within a very few years, this important channel for gaining knowledge was entirely neglected in our systems of education.

The very first form study should involve the touch sense. Models should be provided small enough to be easily handled by the children. The type forms have been found to be most useful, beginning with sphere, cube and cylinder; thereon to the prisms, ellipsoid, ovoid, cone pyramids, and vase forms. Upon these are based all the forms of nature, and also the artificial forms made by man. After gaining a general knowledge by touch of the figure, size and space relations of the object, then clay modeling is introduced, and the object formed in clay; thus the perceptions gained through touch and sight are put into a visible form. After the modeling in clay, simple representations in drawing of the forms should be attempted. The position, solid figure, size and surface being once learned by touch, the visual perceptions gather up and symbolize with lines the more direct tactile impressions.

The use of Form Study and Drawing as a factor in education has been for the past ten years ably demonstrated by many of our schools; but we are not all yet possessed of sufficient knowledge concerning its place and the great need for such training. America would lead the world. Her inventions and her agricultural products do already lead; but in the finer artisan work, in all that involves artistic feeling and perceptions, she is woefully behind. What gives a country a place in the van of civilization? Not its inventions, not its extent, not even its agricultural products, its corn or its

pork,—essential as these products are, —but, rather, its artistic productions, in fabrics, china, brass, in pictures, statues, architecture, and, above all, in the education of its people. We must educate our future workmen to be artist artisans, to see and feel, which is to perceive things artistically as well as materially, to know the good and reject the bad. Thus taste and ability will not be confined to a few, as is now the case; but, because of this training in the public schools, the people will have their perceptions of true beauty so correctly formed that it will result in a better taste among the people, and, hence, better work to supply that demand.

The time to create taste, to form habits of accurate observation, to train all the perceptive faculties, is in early life. Character is formed then to a great extent; habits of action and habits of taste are also formed, which influence so materially all artisan work, making it crude and demoralizing, or symmetrical, beautiful and reposeful in its effects.

Time and space will allow but a brief

mention of the use of the study of industrial drawing, as set forth in the branch of work called "Construction." In this branch is gained the ability to make working drawings, plans for construction of objects, which knowledge will be invaluable to many of our pupils who are to be the workmen of future years.

Form study touches all other school work at every point; it enforces what has been already learned, and prepares the way for what is to come. There can be no thorough manual training without a knowledge of form.

In our public schools we can not make, nor do we wish to make, artists of the children, but if some Corot or Millet is awakened to his genius by this study of his early years, shall we regret his loss to the world of finance, agriculture, medicine, or law?

The object of Form Study and Drawing in the public schools is the training of the brain to think, the eye to see, the hand to execute, and the heart to feel and appreciate beauty and order in all things.

## THE EASTER LIGHT.

THE clock strikes twelve;  
The year is at its spring,  
And o'er her callow brood the thrush  
Folds close a sheltering wing;  
While through the cottage window-pane  
A moon-beam struggles wild,  
With silvery touch to guide the dreams  
Of mother and of child.

The clock strikes twelve;  
The spring is in its prime.  
Lo, Youth and Love stand 'neath the stars  
To hear the fairy chime!  
The gleaming dewdrops slowly drip  
From folded flower-buds sweet,—  
Alas! that life should be so full,  
The wingéd hours so fleet!

The clock strikes twelve;  
The house is dark and still.  
Long shadows lie athwart the graves  
In th' churchyard on the hill.  
A frost is blighting leaf and bud,  
But spares yon lilies white  
Whose pale, pure faces turn toward dawn  
And wait the Easter light.

CHICAGO.

*Eva Katharine Clapp.*

## MUSINGS ON TRILBY.

BY FRANK N. RIALE.

SOCIETY can stand but one book at a time and stand it well. It's like Bronson Alcott's stupid boy, in whose pop-gun mind, one load in shoved another out. This time, in the turn of the wheel of fortune, it is "Trilby." We're more infatuated with it than David Copperfield was with his beloved Dora whose sweet name he heard echoed in everything about.

It is "Trilby" in society, it's "Trilby" in the shop. It's "Trilby" at the club, and "Trilby" at church. It makes us fall in, and it makes us fall out. A dear Boston girl cut the acquaintance of a life-long friend, because she confessed she had not read "Trilby" yet! What does it all mean, this much ado about nothing—for angels are nothing are they not?

It certainly shows society "wants to be an angel," doesn't it! The cold, cold, world says, like the Sadducee, there are no angels. But our imagination—which nine-tenths of the time is more reliable than our grinding logic—says life is more than a dodo experience. We must have wings and be angels, else why this longing after—"Trilby," that pleasing, blessed book, that pierces the dull day-night of drudgery like a new star of hope, and urges us on with an angelic purpose!

Indeed, it makes one feel we are coming to the days, in novel writing, where the art world was when Raphael painted between the heavens and the earth. The fact is that Fiction, the art of the Nineteenth century, is saying to Science,—the dull, plodding life of it,—"Look up, and see the angel faces that fill the heavens about!" It is the days of cathedral building coming back, not cathe-

drals made with hands,—the "frozen music" heaven once played on men's hearts,—but those made with the pen, greater than that which the chisel can ever carve, for they are formed out of the delicate mind-stuff,—not of the cold marble and stone that speaks not. Oh, yes! "Trilby" is Little Eva sitting by the Old Uncle Tom of us, pointing to the new heaven and the new earth, that once was lost but now is found with a deeper meaning and a larger hope.

As the reader will note, this is only a momentary musing, and not a cold-blooded review of the book. While writing, there comes a note from one in whose literary judgment I have long had the highest confidence. Incidentally referring to the book, she says, "The more recent criticisms have rather cried down the book, but I haven't been at all in sympathy with them. To me it is one of the sweetest, saddest things I ever read. That was my first unalloyed impression before I had read any criticism on it; and a pure-minded girl's impressions are pretty safe, at least as to the morality of the book."

It would be as foolish as it would be false to say "Trilby" can't do any harm. It can do lots of it. It seems to me in some ways like the "Songs of Solomon" in the "Book of Books"—the most heavenly and inspiring part of the whole Bible when read aright; but so vile as to make it unfit to go through the United States mails, when read amiss. Surely, most of "Trilby" is "between the lines." It is the outline of a picture, in which every reader is to do the filling in, and must himself determine whether it is to paint angels of darkness or angels of light.

## EDITORIAL COMMENT.

WHAT is all this commotion about "Trilby"? Is it a popular tribute to a great book; or is it only a mild madness, such as followed the appearance of Rider Haggard's "She," or Bellamy's "Looking Backward"? The literary editor of the Des Moines *Register* may be right about it; possibly Du Maurier has hypnotized the public! Just as we were consoling ourselves with the conclusion that "Trilby" had been relegated to the second-hand book-stores, and to the history of literature, the conservative *Critic*, of New York, began to print "Trilbiana," and the church societies and the social clubs took on "Trilby entertainments," and the newspapers reported the social and dramatic success of an authorized dramatization of "Trilby." And now comes a profound student of comparative religions, a contributor to the leading scientific, philosophical and literary magazines of the time,—the Reverend Frank N. Riale, of Des Moines, and, breaking the silence of THE MIDLAND on the subject, proceeds to picture Du Maurier's character creation as an angel, and to pronounce Du Maurier's work a "blessed book that pierces the dull day-night of drudgery like a new star of hope, and urges us on with an angelic purpose," a cheering suggestion of a coming time when novel writing shall be raised to the high plane upon which Raphael wrought! This enthusiastic reader of "Trilby" sees in the book a prophecy that the days of cathedral building are coming back,—the new cathedrals to be made of mind-stuff, not of marble or stone. He sees in Trilby a "Little Eva," leading "the Uncle Tom of us," and she, too, pointing heavenward—to "the new heaven and the new earth that once was lost but now is found with a deeper meaning and a larger hope." He intimates that if the reader can't see in Trilby an angel of light, it's because his mind and soul are not *en rapport* with angels of light!

At the risk of proving ourselves yet in our sins, let us have a little plain talk about this inevitable "Trilby." It is interesting to note the different phases the book presents to different people. A young lady, fresh from boarding school, recently said, "I so enjoy the French that runs all through the book. It's such a satisfaction, you know, to be able to read it right off!" An artist acquaintance then remarked that she was indebted to Du Maurier for an introduction to the art life of the Latin Quarter. She felt she knew Walker ("Little Billee") and Whistler ("Joe Sibley" alias "Antony") and the rest, after reading of the life they led in Paris, and afterward in London. A doctor present said he enjoyed Du Maurier's study of hypnotism—notwithstanding the treatment of the subject is romantic and consequently unscientific. But to most readers the chief charm of the story is in the group of characters in the Latin Quarter, of whom Trilby is the central figure. There certainly is real enjoyment in the unconventional talk of the Englishmen's studio. Rarely have three such good-souled Britons been pictured in a single book as the youthful and gushing lover-in-chief, "Little Billee," the stalwart lover-friend, "Taffy," and the amiable and eccentric "Laird." But Svengali, the villain on the stage, is a social monstrosity, a creature to be regarded with loathing and abhorrence. When the author deliberately breaks up that interesting circle in the Latin Quarter, he weakens the reader's interest in the story. When he conceives Trilby as Svengali's wife—or rather his hypnotized slave—and then asks us to conceive of her as hypnotically receiving and applying to her rich but untuneful voice the phenomenal musical art of Svengali, appearing before audiences unconscious of her real self, bent only on fulfilling her master's will and purpose,—then at least some of us lose interest in the story, fol-

lowing it to the end in only a perfunctory way.

But the principal character, what of her? In Du Maurier's drawings Trilby is the same bird-eyed, bird-beaked, long-limbed girl whom that artist has for a whole generation been picturing for us on the back page of *Harper's Magazine*. Trilby is a professional model, flitting from one studio to another on call, posing with or without clothes, as the artist who engages her may choose. Though naturally pure, she is no exception to the rule among models in the Latin Quarter, and has had her "experiences," or "affairs," with a half-dozen or more artists, without having felt a spark of real love for any one of them; ready for "the altogether" or for only a partial exposure of her figure as the occasion might suggest to her employer. Wrapped in a big military coat, as a bathor temporarily dons a wrapper until his turn comes, Trilby enters upon the scene—the studio of the Englishmen—and proceeds to make herself at home with the trio. Of course the girl improves on acquaintance,—the sou-brette of the story or play always does. She wins their admiration as artists by kicking off her slipper and displaying her shapely foot—the delight of every artist who has studied it. Then, in the regulation manner of the stage, she proceeds to win all hearts. She promptly returns the rapid and fantastic love of the youngest of the three. When the mother of "Little Billee" implores the girl to give up her son, because she isn't what she ought to be, Camille-like she resigns her Billee; but, unlike Camille, she does not pine and die; she just goes away.

When next we see Trilby we are prepared for her in the regulation way. A great singer is to sing in Paris, and the disconsolate yet not altogether unconsolable Billee and his two friends go to hear her. The Englishmen are suprised—but of course the knowing reader is not—to find in "La Svengali" of the stage the model of the Latin Quarter,—then tuneless, but now possessed of a voice tuned like an angel's.

The rest of the book is mystery-play, the stage carpenter, Du Maurier, working wonders with his stage settings; and now and then the artist, Du Maurier, redeeming the scene with a rare bit of picturing, or touch of humor, or display of sentiment. From the first well-advertised appearance of La Svengali, until her death, with her old bachelor lovers around her and ministering to her, the interest wanes. The expected happens, but the movement to the long anticipated end—Trilby's death—is slow.

Aside from the out-door vigor and genuine manliness of the big Englishman, and the breezy, unconventional ways of the eccentric "Laird," and the delightful little episode which happily unites in good, old-fashioned wedlock the big Englishman and Little Billee's sister, the tone of the book is unhealthy. Far from inspiring hope, the story depresses. The pathos of life, as it stretches out before the unhappily born Trilby fills the mind with unavailing pity. The humor of the Latin Quarter has an uncanny suggestion, like that of the first grave digger in "Hamlet." This unconventional life, so well described, is one which evidently demoralizes.

Suppose some real-life Trilby, of the Latin Quarter period of her career, were to be taken up by Society—that now raves over the idealized Trilby—what social demoralization would ensue! It is the bad fashion of the time to tolerate a "fast set" in society; to banish conventional forms,—regard for the social standing of strangers, insistence upon long acquaintance as a prerequisite to a matrimonial engagement, and a common-sense pre-consideration of social conditions deeply affecting the future of the contracting parties. The moral philosophy of the Latin Quarter is hostile to all social conservatism and to that family life which is the salvation of the Little Billees and the stalwart Taffys of our social world.

The atmosphere into which Du Maurier introduces his readers is heavy with malaria. The heaven toward which the "Little Eva" of the Latin Quarter leads



the way is, historically speaking, more Mohammedan than Christian. Far from revealing, or even suggesting, "angelic purpose," Du Maurier leaves where he found them many souls that would scale heights and look out upon wider horizons—or, rather, he leaves them more depressed than before—their "musings" directed toward the fateful power of heredity, and toward the tragic force of the active principle of evil as opposed to the general but passive desire of the soul for good.

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SPEAKING of Whistler, one of the cleverest sayings of that erratic genius is the one quoted as given the French painters at a recent dinner. He complimented them with the remark that they knew which end of the brush to put into their mouths, whereas in England it was "still a matter of taste."

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HAMLIN GARLAND, poet, novelist, reformer and lecturer, is an interesting figure in American literature and life. His latest published work, "Crumbling Idols," is one of the great books of the decade as it is one of the timeliest and bravest. It is a protest against slavery to old-world tradition in art and against provincialism in literature. Mr. Garland's recent three-days' stay in Des Moines gave many at our State Capital an opportunity to hear the message of the Impressionist in art and that of the Individualist in sociology. The principal event of his stay was his lecture on the Modern Novel. It was the philosophy of "Crumbling Idols" crystallized into brilliant aphorisms and illustrated with rare word-pictures and good-humored satire. It was eloquent with the force of an earnest man who has something to say. Mr. Garland's philosophy applied to the novel is, in brief, as we understand it, that the American Novel should picture the American life of the time,—not old-world life, not life in ages past. His views are not unfamiliar to readers of THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, and we are grateful to Mr. Garland for locally giving new impetus

to the new movement—part of which he himself is—for the overthrow of the tyrant, Tradition, and for the emancipation of the country from literary provincialism. His idea of reform in these respects includes the establishment of various literary centers throughout the country, thus overthrowing the present supremacy of New York in literature, as New York has overthrown the literary supremacy of Boston. To him the victory of New York over Boston is not so much the victory of one city over another as the awakening of the whole nation to its independence and its strength. As he has said in "Crumbling Idols," "New York is but the trumpet through which the whole nation is at last speaking. Let New York remember this and be humble, for the same causes that have cut away the pride of Boston will certainly bring about a corresponding change in the relation of New York to the South and West. . . . Never again will any city dominate American literature."

But this was not the chief burden of Mr. Garland's lecture. It was, instead, the novel of the past and the novel of the future. "If the past celebrated lust and greed and love of power, the future will celebrate continence and humility and altruism." The novels of the past invariably gave the reader the comforting but dulling assurance of ultimate marriage. Its heroes were all grand, its heroines all angelic. The plot was a more or less cleverly handled game of cross purposes, ending with the clang of wedding bells. The future novel will be true to actual life and to real character. Like life all about us, the outcome will not be obvious at the outset, or at any time in the progress of the story. As in real life, the unexpected will happen but the impossible will not. The new novel will not abound in quotable sayings; but, like impressionism in painting, it will so subordinate parts to the whole that the strength of the work will be measured by the general impression it makes. It will truthfully and faithfully picture the phases of life which it sets out to portray,

not concerning itself about traditional plot and treatment. Kemeys' Indian Chief and the cow-boy painter's Texas Round-up, as described by Mr. Garland, are worth more than a whole gallery of traditional subjects treated in the traditional way.

Every one who heard this propagandist of the new school of art felt that behind the lecturer was a truth, to which we have been deliberately closing our ears. Hamlin Garland, the lecturer, is earnest, honest, strong. The man behind the lecturer is growing broader with the years. Heaven lies about most men in their infancy and youth; but as they pass on into middle life shades of the prison-house shut them in. Following this man's soul progress as revealed in his books, the shades of the prison-house seem to have been about him in his youth; and now, in middle life, he appears to be getting out into the open, where "the skies lift their unmoved arch of blue." We boldly venture the opinion that Mr. Garland will do his best work yet, better than ever exemplifying his own theories and fulfilling his own prophecies for the future of literature.

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THE London *Spectator* places William Watson "on a level with Matthew Arnold and Tennyson, if not with Wordsworth." How lonesome William Watson would be were he compelled to remain upon the high plane to which the *Spectator* assigns him! The Watsons, the Dobsons, the Gosses and the rest make an interesting company, but when compared with Tennyson they are as a summer-party of wrens in the valley compared with a nightingale on some wooded height.

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HAMILTON W. MABIE in an editorial article in the *Outlook*, on "The Real and the Sham," preaches an excellent sermon to young writers. He says that "one of the signs of mastery in art is freedom from mannerisms." He adds: "The finest orators have no set manner; the most inspiring preachers are free from the clerical habit and air; the greatest

writers are the most difficult to imitate, because they offer the fewest obvious peculiarities." This writer finds a good many men and women who "take up literary subjects and interests as they take up the latest fashions. . . . There are so-called literary circles as devoid of true feeling for literature as the untutored tourist, restlessly rushing through art galleries with his Baedeker in his hand, is devoid of any real insight into art or love for it." He concludes that "it is not the crudity of undeveloped interest which is to be dreaded, but the crudity of sham interest." Here is another saying of Mr. Mabie worth quoting: "The spread of a sincere, unobtrusive, and teachable interest in books and other forms of art among the people of this country is a thing to recognize and rejoice in, wherever it appears." Mr. Mabie, in the *March Forum*, sees two commanding types in fiction, the hero and the wanderer, thereby leaving us where Homer's audiences were left; with Hector and Ulysses as the be-all and end-all of fiction. Taking into consideration the successful adventuring of Stevenson, Kipling, Doyle and the rest of the modern school of romantic story-tellers, one might easily accept the evidence as conclusive; but—wait.

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"MUNICIPAL REFORM" continues to be the slogan in hundreds of American cities. As General Hancock well said of the tariff, municipal reform is a local issue. A Stead, or a Parkhurst, might safely declare that, with power accorded him to purify municipalities, he would care little who should make the laws of state or nation. The principal evils which threaten our republic are centered in our cities. Apply to municipalities the leaven of reform and the whole nation will take on a more healthful life. We may learn much from the study of old world experiences. Doctor Shaw's studies of municipal government in Great Britain and in Germany will have excellent effect—excellent if they do no more than direct public attention to our own needs and short-comings. But all who pursue the study of old world

experiences must arrive at the conclusion that in this newer civilization, unhindered as we are by the tyranny of ancient usage and tradition, our cities are almost as much "free cities" as were the members of the Hanseatic league in the thirteenth century, in a great measure a law unto themselves, practically uncontrolled by the State, and every one with its own problem not exactly duplicated by that of any other city. Free from the weight of custom and the inequalities of a social state built upon privilege, American municipalities may without let or hindrance modify, or wholly change, their general policy and the machinery of governing,—of assessing and collecting taxes, providing for the protection of lives and property and for the education of children. One change which in most of our smaller cities would work a large measure of reform is the complete separation of the legislative from the executive functions, the removal from city councils and council committees of all that remains of the village policy of making the board of trustees both a legislative and an executive body. With a city council lifted above the detail work of running the city, and with an adequately paid mayor—empowered to appoint chiefs of departments—alone responsible for the execution of ordinances and for the general condition of the city—more dignity would then attach to the position of alderman, and the city council might then be wholly—not in part as now—made up, as in German cities, of the most substantial and honorable citizens in the community. We might then ask and expect that the most influential citizens take places in the local parliament. We might then invariably—instead of occasionally—obtain executive officers of tried executive ability who would give to the city's affairs their whole time and attention.

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MR. ZANGWILL, the most brilliant literary possibility in England, speaking for the all-around-ness of Victor Hugo, Goethe and Wagner, as more to be desired than the talent of the specialist,

makes this true observation: "Philosophy has suffered because philosophers, as a rule, have cultivated neither literature nor humor." He adds his belief that "any system of philosophy could be put into twenty brightly written pages, if one had the gift of literature." He says he himself would like to make the attempt. The field is his and the way is clear, and few there be that are as well equipped for the undertaking. Speaking of Zangwill, the papers headed "Men, Women and Books," which appear in the *Critic* from time to time, are full of good things. Coming across one of these welcome contributions, in a September number, we find on second reading a wealth of apt and pointed phrases and a delicacy of humor that partially escaped us in our first enjoyment of the paper as a whole. Mr. Zangwill speaks of Walter Pater as "listening eloquently," and of the Oxford man's "delightful, elegantly furnished consciousness." He inclines to think his friend mistook University for Universe. Speaking of Mr. Pater's serious view of life, he good-humoredly adds: "And yet, if one did not take one's self seriously, I suppose nothing would ever be done. A kindly illusion about their importance is Nature's instrument for getting work out of men." Speaking of Walter Pater's almost priestly consecration of language to noble uses, he adds: "The figure of the stooping devotee shows sublime in a garrulous world." Commenting on the showy verse of the time, Mr. Zangwill exclaims, "It is wonderful how far a little sense will fly when tricked out with fine feathers." Considering Mrs. Humphry Ward's tardy acquaintance with German criticism, to which "Robert Elsmere" owed its success, he says: "Compared with the *real* train of thought she was going backwards, but she looked out of the wrong window and fancied herself going forwards." Referring to Mrs. Ward's latest novel as a marvel of talent and industry, he says he would like to have written "Marcella" himself, "if only for the pleasure of finishing the last page and feeling what a

good boy was I." He then seriously adds the "painful truth that not with labor nor beating of the breast is the heaven of literature won."

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STEVENSON has been "immortalized" in overmuch verse—and even more is threatened! The best picture we have yet seen of the great story-teller is drawn in a single line—the last of a wretchedly constructed quatrain by Richard Burton in *Lippincott's* for March: "Deep in his heart the imperishable boy."

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WEST POINT as a school of literature! In 1865 the roll of the first division of cadet barracks at our national military academy included four names now well known to readers of current literature—Arthur Sherburne Hardy, Charles King, Richard Henry Savage and John Brisben Walker.

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"OLIVER OPTIC," William T. Adams, dear to the hearts of the old boys with memories that go back beyond the War, is 73 years old and confesses to having

written 126 books and more than a thousand newspaper stories.

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THE Yellow Book school of art, grotesque, insincere and cynical, is severely characterized by the New York *Tribune* as "the jig-saw and blue light school," and "not long-lived."

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HAJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN tells us in the *Forum* that romantic fiction such as Stevenson's tales of villainous wreckers and buccaneers, Haggard's chronicles of battles, murder and sudden death, Conan Doyle's accounts of swaggering savagery and sickening atrocities, and S. R. Crockett's sanguinary records of Scotch marauding expeditions, appear to him "unutterably flimsy and juvenile," as compared with "Tolstoi's wonderfully vivid and masterly transcripts of the life we all live."

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THE purpose of the novel of the period seems to be to make a heroine of a woman who has all the virtues except virtue. A hundred more or less interesting women of this stamp have been let loose upon the world during the past eighteen months.

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AMONG the many new contributors whom THE MIDLAND has brought to light is Miss Jane M. Neill, of Des Moines. Though young in years Miss Neill has seen much of the world. She brings to her story of "An Outing in South Africa—a young lady's trip to the Gold Mines of Johannesburg and the Diamond Fields of Kimberly" a charming freshness of enthusiasm, which adds to the interest of the scenes presented.

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THE beautiful poem by Elizabeth Peckham, in the present number, was written during its author's last visit with Judge and Mrs. Adams in Dubuque in 1870. Miss Peckham was a daughter of Judge Peckham, of Milwaukee, sister of Professor



MISS JANE M. NEILL,  
Of Des Moines.

Peckham, principal of the Milwaukee High School, and a cousin of the Hon. Wheeler H. Peckham, of New York. She died three weeks after her departure from Dubuque. In her death western literature suffered a positive loss. Several of her poems have been published over other names, but the poem in this number has never before been in print. It was presented by the deceased to Mrs. Mary Newbury Adams—wife of Judge Adams—to whom THE MIDLAND is indebted for its publication at this time.

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WALTER BESANT gives several reasons why the American magazines are distancing the English, among which is the following: "The undue prominence given by English magazines to literary papers and especially those of the mournful or savage kind."

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AN UNKNOWN rhymster thus in a few words spicily satirizes the traditional

novel: "O, all ye writers of penny soul-smiters, how do your novels grow? 'With endless chatter of amorous matter, and wedding rings all in a row.'" Nowadays, as one nears the end of a novel, it's about a stand-off between the chances of wedding rings and of corpses all in a row.

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"NAPOLEON judged by great thinkers" is a well edited contribution to the March *Current Literature*. Victor Hugo somehow imagined that Napoleon "troubled God," compelling the great Controller of the Universe to "change front" in order to overwhelm this man at Waterloo! Herbert Spencer regarded him as immensely able, absolutely unscrupulous and possessed of a restless desire to be despot over all men. In Emerson's estimation he was a "boundless liar." Heine saw written upon his marble face the command "Thou shalt have no gods before me!" Lamartine found him "great in action, little in idea, nothing in virtue."

## THE MIDLAND BOOK TABLE.

Lafcadio Hearn has drifted out of the creole life of Louisiana, which he so keenly sensed and vividly portrayed, and now comes to us as a picturer of that picturesque island and people on the other side of the globe, toward which all eyes have of late been turned. Mr. Hearn's "Stray Leaves from Strange Literature," was quickly followed by "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan," and now comes "Out of the East—Reveries and Studies in New Japan."\* The last named book contains eleven chapters, many of them almost idyllic in style, which seem to come from one whose whole life has been steeped in Oriental habits and traditions. The impressionable artist mind of Lafcadio Hearn absorbs the life about him, instead of taking it up as a laborious study in ethnology. This writer is, however, more than an artist: he is a student of ethics and of religion. His reasons for concluding that, despite the figures reported by both Catholic and Protestant missionaries in Japan, the Christian religion has not made and cannot make much headway in that country, not being adapted to the habits and traditions of that people, will be hard reading for many; but the reader

rises from the chapter entitled "Jiuutso," with a conviction that its author has candidly told what he thought needed to be told. His moderate conclusion is that "there is at least a faint possibility that Christendom, at no very distinct era, may conclude that her wealthiest missions are becoming transformed into enormous mutual benefit societies." This is at least a challenge to the missionary boards to prove the utility of their work in Japan. If they can do this, they will be stronger than they are to-day; if not, they will do well to consider this outside suggestion.

"The Mystery of Evelin Delorme—a Hypnotic Story," by Albert Bigelow Paine, is the latest of the prettily covered "Side Pocket Series" issued by the Arena Publishing Company, of Boston. The story is a cleverly handled play upon the possibilities of hypnotism. It presents an artist with two sitters, one strongly resembling the other, yet one pure and uplifting and the other sensual and demoralizing. The artist's inability to see in the two sitters one and the same person, and the suddenness with which he adapts himself to the gratuitous task of wooing both his patrons, each in her own way, during the same period of time, make heavy drafts upon the reader's cre-

\* Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, Boston. \$1.25.



dulity. The Arena Publishing Company is given to publishing purpose novels; but if there be a purpose in the book before us, it has wholly eluded us. The old Jekyll-Hyde soul of man needed not the picture of this artist's soul-peril to point the old moral. Too many readers too zestfully enjoy the suggestive picture of the crisis in this two-sided love affair to care for the moral. Mr. Paine is a Kansas poet and novelist, and when he touches the life about him, its comedies and tragedies, its characters and scenes, he is strong. The wonder is that he should quit his field, so full of material and of promise, and go all the way to Philadelphia to study hypnotism for literary effects.

What is there wanting in the beautiful Oriental tale of Esther that a poet of our Western world should turn from the myriad suggestions all about him and, taking up this story, proceed to make it over into blank verse, to amplify it, preface it, conclude it and provide a sequel for it! And yet the seven-book poem "Vashti,"\* by John Prayshaw Kaye, an Iowa poet, is one to interest students of the Bible and of Oriental life. "Vashti" is pictured with a luxuriance of words and a pathos which strongly impress the reader. The banished queen enlists the reader's sympathies. She is pictured thus:

"Beside the walled-in pool, beneath the shelter  
Of some great palms that clustered round about,  
As if they too had come to quench their thirst  
With the cool waters that they hedged around,  
A woman young and fair, but with the seal  
Of grief set deep upon her youthful face—  
A woman in the coarse garb of disgrace  
And deep humiliation, stooping, dipped  
A gourd of water from the pool and drank;  
And when she'd slaked her thirst she looked about—  
Heaved a deep sigh, then gazed into the pool.  
Saying: This still is left! I may come here  
Even as the beggars do."

The poem is marred by unrhythmical lines, also by bad proof-reading (as for example, "Whom I am," pages 145-6), but it is a sympathetic and, at times, dramatic poem of Oriental life, with something of the old Hebrew strain in its songs and choruses as in its imagery.

There are yet a great many people who think of sculpture as the chiseling out of

marble, without the slightest conception of the modeling in clay which precedes the mechanical work of the chisel. To such, as also to those who know something and would know more of the processes by which soul is stamped upon marble, the little book before us, by William Ordway Partridge, "The Technique of Sculpture,"\* will be warmly welcomed. In his more pretentious book on "Art in America," Mr. Partridge shows that sculpture is not declining, is not a lost art, but one that we have only now thoroughly discovered, and that the American people are actually on the threshold of an art era quite as productive and inspiring as that which once blessed Greece. This practical work will give new impetus to sculpture.

"Japhet in Search of a Father,"† by Captain Marryatt, is a pleasure to the old boys, both those who "came up" on Marryatt's novels and those who were wont, in that elder and stricter day, to read novels on the sly. Captain Marryatt would scarcely hypnotize the public nowadays, but he tells an old-fashioned story in the old-fashioned, interesting way. "Japhet" first appeared during 1836, one of the author's most prolific years, which included the popular "Midshipman Easy," "The Pirate" and "The Three Cutters." Captain Marryatt had the old-fashioned idea that stories should amuse, and should realize every hope encouraged by the author at the outset. "Japhet" is the first of the Marryatt set to be reproduced by Macmillan. The hero, with his faithful Timothy, suggests "Don Quixote" and "Roderick Random." The incidents of the story are from the common stock of material, namely, stolen children, unknown parents, robber caves, the caprices of fortune, etc. Of course it was expected that Japhet would in the end find his father; but the queer adventures of the hero in his long search are all entertaining, and some of them very amusing. Japhet's character is expressed in Mr. Masterson's frank remark, "Well, you really appear to be born for getting into scrapes and getting out of them." The book contains an interesting sketch of the author, by David Hannay, and forty excellent character drawings, by Henry M. Brock.

\*Ginn & Company, publishers, Boston.

†Macmillan & Co., publishers, New York. \$1.25.

\*G. P. Putnam's Sons, publishers, New York.



